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by JAKE AUSTEN



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#9 CHUCK BERRY'S TENANT, *MINOR THREAT*, R. KELLY,, MOTORHEAD, SCREAMING JAY, SAMMY DAVIS, JR, FLAMING LIPS GUITAR WOLF, LIFE SENTENCE **WORST CONCERTS BONUSBOOK**.

#10 BOREDOMS, WAYNE COCHRAN, TERRY CASHMAN, BASEBALL ROCK & ROLL, TV ROCK & ROLL, SAMMY, SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS, KURT COBAIN, HALL OF DYNAMIC GREATNESS SCREENPRINTED POSTER

#11 LIMITED SUPPLY! THE HISTORY OF MASKED ROCK & ROLL. SANTO, RAMONES, *THE PHANTOM*, RAT PFINK, BANANA SPLITS, KIM FOWLEY, MASK MAN, PEDRO BELL, KISS, *BLOWFLY*, ORION, MENTORS, MICHAEL JACKSON, BLACK LONE RANGER, SKIMASK, MUMMIES, GOBLINS, *FUCKERS*, BLACK METAL. BONUS ORIGAMI INSERT TOY!

#12 Only a few left. List Alternate. COMIX ISSUE. **SAM THE SHAM**, ADAM AND THE ANTS, DON HO, *THE PET PEEVES*, X RAY SPEX, RANDY TRAVIS, TOM JONES, SAMMY, *THE SLITS*

#13 GREAT AND SMALL ISSUE. JERRY LEE LEWIS, SUGARLOAF, KIDDIE-A-GO-GO, ROLLINS & ROKY, VELVET CRUSH, PEDRO BELL, THE MONKS, GARY GLITTER, THE HISTORY OF MIDGET ROCK AND ROLL, KENNY "R2D2" BAKER, KID DYNAMITE, SAMMY, GARAGESHOCK, WILDGIRL GOGORAMA BONUS SCREENPRINTED HALL OF GREATNESS POSTER

#14 PUNK'NHEAD FLEXI ISSUE WITH SONGS BY GIRL TROUBLE, MCRACKINS, PEDRO, GOBLINS, BUTTERGLORY, SCISSOR GIRLS AND MORE! GO NUTS, R&B ECCENTRICS, KISS, WAYNE KRAMER, SAMMY.

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Hello! Welcome to the *Icons and Enigmas* Roctober. Normally I'd introduce the theme of the issue with flowery phrase, but here I'd like to take a moment to pay tribute to two figures that sum up what this issue is about, and who sadly left us in late 95. Dean Martin certainly was an icon-a bigger than life caricature who represented an entire era and lifestyle, the ratiest Rat Pack-er. Though his singing voice was solid, his recording career is probably the most Mediocre of his musical Vegas colleagues, but where Dino was most outstanding was on the screen. His Matt Helm detective character was something else, he had one TV show or another on the tube for 14 of the 24 years between 1950 and 1974, and his films with Jerry Lewis were pretty funny, especially "Hollywood or Bust". But if you want to see Dino at his most outstanding just watch the freakish masterpiece "Kiss Me Stupid". In what is considered by many critics Billy Wilder's worst film, Martin plays himself, and the Dean Martin he presents is so sleazy, reprehensible and morally repugnant that I actually feel violated by watching this movie. *And I like it!* Who knows if that was his real persona? Who knows how drunk he really was? Like most icons, the real person he was became obscured by our conceptions and by his constructions. Though Martin's death was widely publicized, few heard about the passing of a young man who brought joy into so many of our lives. As Buff, aka The Human Beat Box, Darren Robinson achieved fame and fortune as the backbone of The Fat Boys. He popularized the beat box vocal acrobatics, he made some wacky novelty records, and he cracked us up in "Krush Groove" and "Disorderlies". Tragically the obesity that brought him fame also did him in, as his 450 pound body experienced cardiac arrest while he was rapping for friends. He was only 28. A true enigma, Robinson's work revealed very little about his true self, but certainly the world would be a little duller without that sponder Buff. Perhaps Dino and Darren today are collaborating on music unimaginable to earthly ears in Rock & Roll Heaven. Take a moment of silence to ponder that, and then go ahead and enjoy Roctober! And please, Keep On Creeping!



WE LOVE *WALL*



Dear Roctober,

Many thanks for your magazine. Also for your full page on my exploits. I've enclosed a print sent to me by a fan in Malaysia of David Rappaport and me in "Time Bandits". I'm surprised you haven't mentioned David in your mag. He was well known on TV over here as "Shades" in TIZ WOZ and BBC children's programmes. He then went to the states on the strength of "Time Bandits" in the U.S., and I saw him on an episode of LA Law where he played the major part of a lawyer. He won the case! Then for some unknown reason, he shot himself dead in a park in LA. Why do these little guys kill themselves? Life can't be that serious.

I hope to be doing another Star Wars convention sometime in Nov. in San Francisco, then another in Vienna, Austria before Panto again in "Snow White" in Crawley.

Cheers for now. Kenny Baker, England

Roctober,

I think the "Fat Albert" guy with the helmet head is called "Dumb Donald".
Later, Mike R., Buffalo, NY

-I believe you are correct. We apologize to him for incorrectly calling him "Mushmouth" in #13-the editor

Dear Roctober,

Your midget article fails to mention "Ultra Flesh", one of the all time best porn flicks, starring Seka circa 1980, and featuring a sex scene between Lisa Delewn and a midget, which believe it or not, gave rise to the title of my zine, "Where's The Snake". The words are spoken by Lisa after being coerced into sex by a (real) boa constrictor or python wielding midget-who replies with the line "it's in you"-one of the all time best/worst porn jokes-and being that his penis is in proportion to the rest of him, something of a misnomer- his "snake" being more of a snack.

Bye, A. Palmer, New Zealand



ICONS

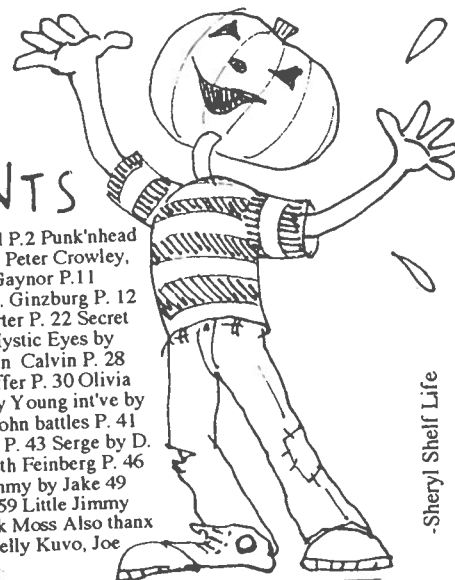
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GARY PIG'S ALL-TIME ICONS 'n' ENIGMAS TOP 20?

enigmas
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ELVIS (post-Army)
ENGELBERT
ROMPIN' RONNIE HAWKINS
WILD MAN FISCHER
MARK DAVID CHAPMAN
"NIXON"
DEAD MILK MEN
the DC5
LANCELOT LINK &
The EVOLUTION REVOLUTION
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART
NEIL HAMBURGER
VAN DYKE PARKS
DENNIS WILSON
SON OF SAM
RAYMOND SCOTT
ESQUERITA
SHEMP
BOB DYLAN

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-Sheryl Shelf Life

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WAYNE COUNTY



ROCK 'N' ROLL CLEOPATRA

I first met Wayne County in 1969 when he was starring in the play, *World, Birth of a Nation*, in an off-off-off Broadway loft. He had written the play in one speed-crazed night and talked Tony Ingrassia into directing it. Half of Max's Kansas City's famed back room crowd were in the cast (most of the other half were in the audience), along with some straight actors who got all the weirdest roles. Of course, all the roles were weird because Wayne included every freaky perversion he could think of in the show. Wayne's character was Florence Nightingale's twin sister, Ethyl, played in full drag with a full beard. Most of the lines were from song lyrics. The first scene featured Birdy, a pretty black queen quoting Velvet Underground songs. "I'm Beginning to See the Light," she exclaimed as she took a break from licking a boy's boots while voices in the background cried out, "What Goes On?" and "Oh Sweet Jane."

The most outrageous scene, of many outrageous scenes, was set in a hospital delivery room. Three fat nurses passed screw drivers, pliers, coat hangers, hammers, etc. to Dr. Louise Pasteur, who was delivering the pregnant John Wayne's baby, which was born deformed and dead. When the doctor realized the baby wasn't breathing, he threw it on the floor and the nurses kicked it around the operating theater.

The Village Voice gave *World* a rave review and Wayne became well known in underground New York City. After *World*, Andy Warhol cast Wayne as Vulva in his new play, *PORK*, which was a big success in New York and in London.

On returning to New York in 1971, Wayne was hired to spin records at Mickey Ruskins' new disco, Upstairs at Max's. It was a time of fabulous sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, mostly paid for by record company types who wanted into the New York underground.

Tony Ingrassia staged a new play called *Island* which starred Wayne and Patti Smith. Wayne met the Marcus brothers, Jimmy and Tommy, and formed a musical trio to entertain at parties. Ridiculous theater and rock 'n' roll were merged into the band, Queen Elizabeth. With Jerry Nolan (!) on drums, they made their rock 'n' roll debut at the New York University Student Center in 1972.

Shortly after, Wayne was signed by Tony DeFries' Mainman management company (home of David Bowie). DeFries made lavish promises of fame and fortune and put Wayne on a fabulous allowance which allowed him to live like a star, but there was always some excuse to postpone recording an album.

Mainman then spent nearly a quarter of a million dollars to produce *Wayne County at the Trucks* in a legitimate theater at Westbeth in the West Village. With elaborate sets and costumes that rivaled some Broadway shows, the showcase was designed to sell Wayne to the big-time music industry. Executives of major labels were flown in from England, Europe, Japan, and Los Angeles to witness this outrageous extravaganza. With songs like *Queen Age Baby*, *Stick It in Me*, and *Shit*, Wayne managed to completely freak out the audience and still Wayne didn't get to make an album.

In '74, Wayne was reduced to playing dives like the 82 Club in the East Village and I stopped by Wayne's dressing room to congratulate him on a great show. He was talking to his roommate and best friend, Lee Black Childers, explaining that he didn't want to go ask the owner for his pay.

I cut in and asked, "Do you know how much you're supposed to get?" Wayne said no, he'd been too shy to ask. I offered to go collect his pay, explaining, "Whatever they give me will be it. The show is over and it's too late to negotiate."



I came back to the dressing room with the four or five hundred dollars that I collected after paying the musicians, Wayne and Lee split the take. I took Lee aside and asked, "Why don't you manage Wayne?" Lee replied, "Manage that crazy drag queen? Impossible!" (This from the guy who went on to manage Johnny Thunders!)

So, I went over to Wayne and offered my amateur managerial talents; Wayne said OK. In the next few months, I opened the club, Mothers, with Wayne headlining the entire first week. (The 82 Club was closed and CBGB's wouldn't give Wayne a gig.) I got him a record deal with ESP Disc, got him his DJ job back at Max's, and got DeFries to agree to forget Wayne's enormous *debt* until such time as Wayne got to be a big star. Unfortunately, the deal with ESP Disc collapsed when the owner's homophobic young bride ordered him to drop Wayne.

But, not long after that, I convinced Tommy Dean, the new owner of Max's, into putting out the album, *Max's Kansas City '76*, which featured Wayne County and the Back Street Boys. (ROIR Records has scheduled for 1996 a re-release of this historic album with Wayne, Cherry Vanilla, Pere Ubu, VON LMO and Suicide.)

In January 1977, Tommy loaned me enough money to take Wayne and his lead guitarist, Greg Van Cook, to London where we put together the Electric Chairs. Wayne fit right into the English punk rock explosion. I got the Electric Chairs a *singles* deal with Illegal Records and that led to an album deal with Safari. The songs recorded by Wayne County and the Electric Chairs in 1977 and 1978 are true classics of underground rock 'n' roll and many of them including the international hit single, "Fuck Off", can be found on the new Wayne/Jayne County CD, *Rock 'n' Roll Cleopatra*.

Just before the release of *Storm the Gates of Heaven*, Wayne's second album, the record company conspired with Wayne's back-up band to get rid of me as manager. They hoped to gain more control over Wayne. When Wayne heard of this conspiracy, he came to me and suggested that we both return to New York, but I told him, "You've got one of the greatest bands in rock 'n' roll even if they are naive jerks. Maybe the record company guys are right. A real professional manager might be able to get you out of the underground and make you a star. I think you should stay in England and give it a try. Anyway, if it doesn't work out, you can always find me at Max's."

Well, in retrospect, I was a damned fool. I'd invested nearly four years in Wayne's career, slept on floors all over Europe and I'd only asked \$1,500 from Safari for releasing Wayne from his managerial contract. If he had become a big star, I would have rejoiced, but all that happened was that in 1979 he returned to New York no better off than when he'd left. The *professional* managers and the record company execs hadn't been able to market Wayne (who was now becoming Jayne) to the masses.

But, we're in luck, there are enough great songs in the Illegal and Safari vault to make a terrific Volume II CD. So, I hope you'll all go out and buy Volume I and give the Royalty people the incentive to re-release the rest of the gems we're waiting to hear.

If you're interested in reading more about Wayne/Jayne County (and less about me) go right now to your bookstore and order, "Man Enough to Be a Woman" by Jayne County and Rupert Smith, published by Serpents Tail, 180 Varick Street, New York, NY 10014. Hurry, it probably won't stay in print very long! Same goes for the *Rock 'n' Roll Cleopatra* CD, which can be ordered from Royalty Records, 176 Madison Avenue, 4th floor, New York, NY 10016. The *Max's Kansas City* CD will soon be available from ROIR Records, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, NY 10012.

Peter Crowley
San Francisco
November, 1995

WAYNE COUNTY

and the BACK STREET BOYS

AT



MY FATHER'S PLACE

ALSO:

Startoon



L: Wayne County/Tuff Darts Max's double bill promo. Far left: Robert Gordon. Next to RG's shoulder: Jeff Salen-lead guitar Tuff Darts, and former lead guitar Back Street Boys. "Fuck Off" was written for him.

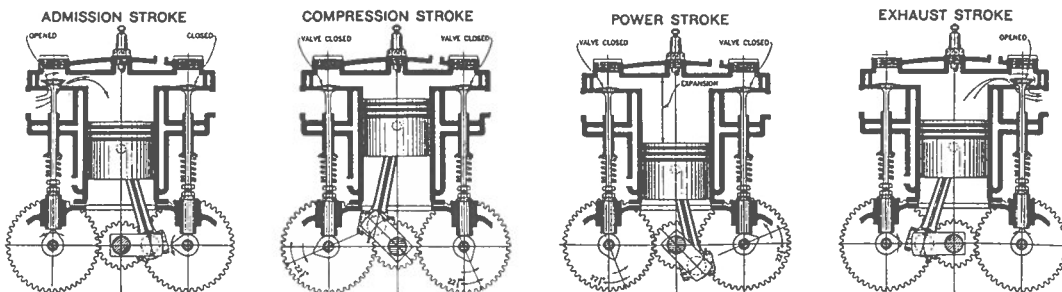


an
L: Marc Bell (aka Marky Ramone) R: Greg Van Cook

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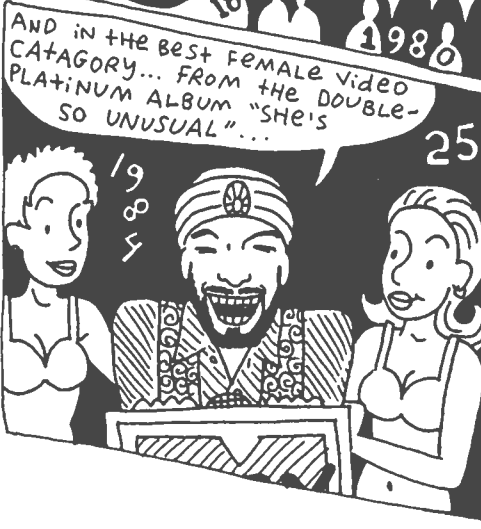
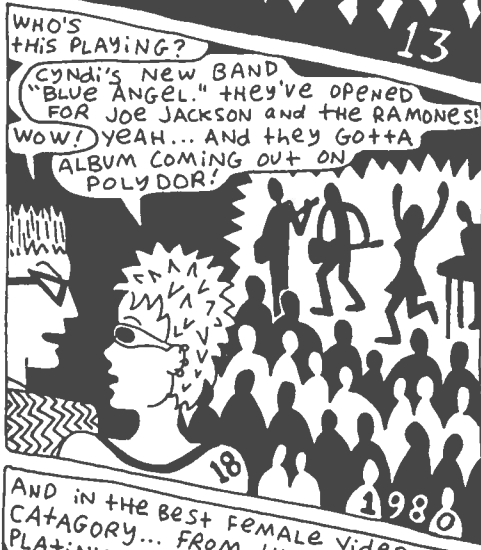
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frames 4, 5, AND 6 ON NEXT PAGE →



CYNDI LAUPER by Jerome





CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

MOM! I GOT MY G.E.D.!!

I KNEW YOU'D COME AROUND! I'VE BEEN PRAYING TO ST. JUDE: THE PATRON SAINT OF LOST CAUSES!

I'M SO GLAD I CAME OUT HERE TO THE ONTARIO WILDERNESS... JUST ME AND MY DOG "SPARKLE"! IT'S REALLY HELPING ME GET MY THOUGHTS IN ORDER!

STILL, IT'S GETTING A LITTLE BIT LONELY... I THINK I'LL GO TO ART SCHOOL AND BE A GREAT PAINTER!

JUST LIKE MY HERO: VINCENT VAN GOGH!

YEARS OF IMPROPER SINGING TECHNIQUE HAVE SERIOUSLY INJURED YOUR VOCAL CORDS... IT'LL TAKE A YEAR OF THERAPY TO GET THEM BACK TO NORMAL! I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES!!

I'LL HAVE TO DECLARE BANKRUPTCY! PENNILESS AT 29!!

I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES!!

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ART & ADAPTATION BY JEROME
Facts taken from "HAVE FUN WITH CYNDI LAUPER" by Chris Crocker (SIMON AND SCHUSTER-1984)

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**Art &
Adaptation**
By **JEROME**
Facts taken from
"HAVE FUN with
CYNDI LAUPER"
by Chris
Crocker
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Interviewed by Dentist/Mexican wrestling promoter Mike Lano. A longer version appears in the fine sheet "Wrestling Then and Now", edited by Rock&Roll/Wrestling expert Evan Ginzburg. Order a copy today from POBox 640471 Oakland Gardens Station Flushing, NY 11364.

Mike Lano: Do you feel your association with pro wrestling negatively affected your career at the time, or did you take some positives from it?

Cyndi Lauper: No, it was positive. Me and Hulk at the Grammys just got more attention from different areas than from people watching MTV. My ex, Dave Wolf, was always into the wrestling, he loved it. I remember watching (wrestling legend) Bruno (Sammartino) and my Ma loved wrestling. Dave just thought we could reach out to a bigger and different audience by getting involved with the wrestling. He did everything, and set it all up. He still loves it, but I don't follow it as much. It's not like it used to be. Poor management and my P.R. guys not doing their job is what hurt me, I think. Not the wrestling, I enjoyed my time with it. If it was up to Dave I'd still be involved with the wrestling. He and I are good friends and still talk. Who said it was a negative? P.R. is P.R. and I will always look at it as a positive. Dave just wanted more P.R., but we were doing pretty good airtime on MTV then. I

learned a lot about hype and production from the wrestling I have to say.

ML: Have you seen some of these Japanese lady wrestlers with the makeup? You started all this. How about the wrestlers on a personal level?

CL: They were really nice to me. They're all characters-forget about it. You think the people in music are "different"...I tried to make my music like wrestling-an event. And that's how I want to get back to it now. Music is my great joy.

ML: You looked like you had a lot of fun with the creative "Lost Boys" video that had (the wrestlers) Lou (Albano), (The Fabulous) Moolah, (Classy Freddie) Blassie, (The Iron) Sheik and (Nikolai) Volkoff, Wendy Richter...

CL: Whatever happened to Wendy?

ML: She's done some independent shows in the last few years and I think she works as a real estate agent in Florida.

CL: Michael Jackson sometimes is like a wrestling character, isn't he?

ML: (laughs)

CL: So what do you do when you're not doing this?

ML: I'm a dentist normally.

(Cyndi opens her mouth real wide and shows Dr. Mike her teeth. He compliments her on her posterior composites [if you know what I mean!])

CL: You really know your stuff, doc! Do you, uh, prescribe things like aspirin and...I'm just joking! Very little cavities in my mouth. I could tell you were a dentist right away using that technical lingo.

ML: How's married life, are kids in the future?

CL: Just great, and no kids right now because I'm doing so many new artistic things that it wouldn't be fair to not give 100% to a child.

ML: Thanks Cyndi-all New York loves you.

CL: Thank you. It (my fan base in New York) isn't that broad...although I am a broad!

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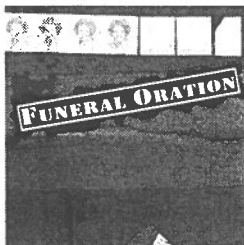
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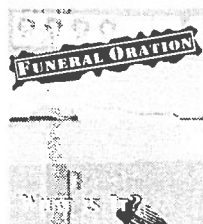
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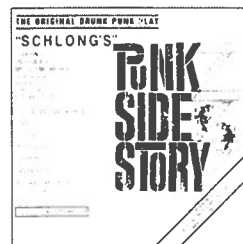


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Oscar Brown, Jr. Tells It Like It Is!

By James Porter

with Rick Wojcik

Oscar Brown, Jr. is one of the handful of people who can be called an all around entertainer. He originally envisioned himself as a writer, but Columbia Records and a few enthusiastic jazz fans saw him as a jazz vocalist. He's appeared on the TV screen a number of times, as either a host (*Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, *From Jumpstreet*) or an actor (a brief stint on *Roc*). Some see him as a forerunner to socially conscious black singer-songwriters like Gil Scott-Heron or Michelle N'Dege Ocello, others might remember a recent stint as curator at the DuSable Museum. The thing is, he's had his hands in so many pies, you can hardly pin him down to just one. To do that would mean excluding everything else. I spoke with him a couple times in January, and the results are here. Special thanks to Jake Austen and especially Rick Wojcik, for getting it started and filling in the gaps when needed.



OSCAR: Well, I'm a Chicagoan, I grew up in the Chicago public schools, went to Englewood High School and finished there in 1943, I went to about five or six colleges, but I'm still a freshman, I never did quite make it in the university world. However, I did get involved in performing, first in radio as an actor, and I became a newscaster, and finally I became an entertainer, as I

am now—that is, a singer, actor, and performer in various media. (When I was a newscaster) I had a program called *Negro Newsfront* and it was on for about five or six years from 1947, the latter part of '47, thru about 1952. It was on several stations (laughs) 'cause I used to get kicked off the air all the time for being really controversial. I started out on WJJD, which was a station that was sunup to sundown, so my starting time would change during the year because I was early morning. Then they said they didn't have any more time for me, and I asked my listeners to send in cards and letters so I could try and get a new sponsor. I got so many cards and letters I just took a whole bushel basket full of 'em over to the Parker House sausage company and told Mr. Parker to pick a card—any card...read these cards. He became my sponsor, and then the Baldwin



OSCAR BROWN JR.



Ice Cream Co. was one of my sponsors—these were all little black businesses around. The main sponsor, however, was my father's business, the Midway Television Institute, which was a school that taught refrigeration and radio and television to veterans. Anyway, that's what that newscast was about. It went from WJJD to WVON, which was Al Benson's station, and there it had a big audience because that was a very well-listened-to station, and after that, I had big problems with them. They kicked me off the air, and I went over to WHFC, and I hung in there for a year or so doing both news and DJ work. That was kinda my early beginning.

JAMES: How did you get kicked off of WVON—the Voice of the Negro—doing a black-oriented talk show?

OSCAR: Well, I was very outspoken. I used to have editorial comments that would get me in hot water at the station....

JAMES: But that station could be controversial itself...

OSCAR: No, not particularly. The guy who was the station manager was a guy named Herb Rudolph—I'll never forget him, a little redneck—he was not by any means even liberal. I left that and went into the labor movement. I became a program coordinator for the United Packing House Workers of America, that was the organization that represented the people who work in the stockyards. In those days, Chicago was known as the "Hog Butcher Of The World", by Carl Sandburg's poetic standards. It was a very exciting job, there were 20,000 people in the district that I was representing, and my job was to conduct programs for women's rights, political actions, civil rights, farm labor relations—the cows and pigs all came from the farms, and so we wanted the workers and the farmers to understand some of their common problems because we felt that the owners, the bosses of the packing houses, tried to pit the farmers against the workers, and tell them that "we can't pay good prices for your cattle because the workers want so much", and then they'd tell the workers the opposite—"we can't pay you any higher wages because the farmers are demanding too much." So, my job was then to go down to these little county fairs and put up an exhibit to try to befriend the farmers. So it was really an interesting job, I did that for about five or six years, and then I got killed in a political war, in the union. I went to work for my dad in the real estate business, he had a business at 4649 Cottage Grove Avenue by this time. He'd moved from the Television Institute into this private real estate business, and I went to work up there. But, I wasn't very successful as a real estate person, I was trying to write a show called *Kicks and Co.* I was writing songs and I was trying to get various singers to become interested in my songs. This would be in the middle fifties into the late fifties. I guess I should back up a little bit because in the latter part of the 40's, as I got to be 21, I became very interested in politics. I joined the Communist Party, for one thing, and I ran for political office—I ran for the state legislature on the Progressive Party ticket in 1948—I lost—and I ran for Congress as a Republican in 1952, at which time I also lost. I wasn't a Republican, but it was so difficult to get on the ballot as an independent that we decided, my young crew and I, that we would try and get on the ballot on the Republican Party ticket just so we could raise issues 'cause we wanted to fight the Democrats. We were really young zealots, and that went on till I got booted out of the Communist party when I was thirty years old, about 1956. It was one of those situations where "you can't fire me, I quit!" (laughs) We fell out on the race question. I was just too black to be red! (laughs) They called me a "Negro nationalist", which meant that I was very interested in the problems that befell black people, and I saw things from that perspective, which was kinda natural, 'cause that's where it was. During that period, around 1955, in order to keep me from running for office anymore, I got drafted. I was 28 years old by this time, but they put me in the Army and then kicked me out for being a Communist. McCarthy was doin' his number, I was scared to death, on the way down to Arkansas to be in the Army, I just knew I was gonna go to the stockade! However, I didn't....the Supreme Court reversed it, 'cause it was totally unethical for them to force me in and then kick me out, 'cause I didn't wanna come in the first place! And I'd taken the Fifth Amendment and all. But anyway, all of that stuff sorta faded as I was in the Army, I got to singin' in the service clubs with a fella from Chicago named Al Colletta. He and I called ourselves the Two-Tones.

JAMES: And that was your intro to showbiz?

OSCAR: Well, I was always interested in being in a show—I was always a ham, I mean even when I was workin' for the union, if some errand

carried me to a place where there was a stage I'd find myself wanderin' across the stage....I think the thing that got me goin' was songwritin'. I had been writin' songs as a hobby when I was a teenager, then I kinda got serious about it. I copyrighted some of 'em and I was thinkin' about gettin' 'em published. But finally, when my first son was born, I wrote a lullaby called "Brown Baby" and I liked that so much that I tried to get it to Harry Belafonte and I began to write more songs. I really started writin' songs just to keep from goin' crazy in the Army.

JAMES: So Harry Belafonte recorded "Brown Baby?"

OSCAR: No, no, no, Harry Belafonte didn't do shit. (laughs) No, but he encouraged me a lot because I saw him as an example, as sort of a role model, as somebody I wanted to be like. I mean, we were the same age, but he had gone into show business, he had made a hit record, he made movies, he was goin' into production, he had his own office—this was what I really aspired to be.

JAMES: Somewhere down the line you wrote a song for a group called the Delegates, on Vee Jay, with Dee Clark ("The Convention")....

OSCAR: Yeah, how do you know about that? That really took some diggin'....that happened, sorta at that time I was writing songs, tryin' to get singers to do 'em, I wasn't tryin' too much to be a singer myself, although I said I had performed in the Army. But when I got out of the Army, I started writin' more songs, and I got fired from my job in the union. I went to work with my father in the real estate business, ostensibly—I really wasn't doin' much real estate business, I had a license to sell real estate, but I didn't sell one building—mostly I was upstairs, writin' songs, and by this time, I had a loft, it was my office, and I had gotten into the idea that I wanted to be a playwright, as well as a songwriter, and so the best way to do that would be to write a musical. So I started with my own musical called *Kicks and Co.*

JAMES: When was this?

OSCAR: This would have been about....1957.

JAMES: It appears to me that you were down with the whole theater and jazz scenes. How did you sidetrack into rock and roll with the Delegates?

OSCAR: Vivian Carter—Vivian was the Vee, and her husband Jimmy was the Jay—so they had this company. Vivian was on WVON while I was on WVON, so I knew them. And when I started writin' songs, it was just a question of getting songs written. I wasn't particularly—at that time, it wasn't the way it is now....you have rock and roll and crossover and rhythm and blues and all these little differentiations with names....the pop, and the easy listening...

JAMES: It was all one world, huh?

OSCAR: Yeah, it was music! (laughs) so yeah, there was rock and roll, of course—it had just come in...

JAMES: But it wasn't separated...

OSCAR: Well, not....it wasn't divided—rock and roll was all of it! White people weren't even in it yet! (laughs) When they got into it, *they* became rock and roll and we were now rhythm and blues! But this is something that's done in boardrooms and in sales meetings. This has nothin' to do with what the creative artists are doin'.... in the clubs or in the rehearsal halls or anything else. Show business is two words, and the names which we're talkin' about usually come from the business side (laughs).

JAMES: And "The Convention" was kind of a novelty thing, where you were spoofin' the acts of the day?

OSCAR: With that particular piece, I was makin' a spoof....they were attacking rock and roll, that is the established businesses, because rock and roll messed 'em up! Up until rock and roll came along, they had the "Hit Parade", and the music was generally played on the radio that was popular was the music that was showtunes, and out of the movies, and out of a sort of white milieu. All of a sudden, it started gettin', you know, Little Richard! (laughs)

JAMES: "A-WOP-BOP-A-LU-BOP-A-WOP-BOP-BOP!"

OSCAR: Yeah! Whoa! And the whole thing began to change! (Starts imitating Richard's piano style) "Ding-ding-ding-ding....." (both of us laugh) It all just changed! And, BMI came in, the Broadcast Music Incorporated. All the music prior to that had been ASCAP music and that was showtunes and stuff. BMI started playing this black music and that began to take over. After awhile, they started squeezin' the Hit Parade out—Snooky Lanson and all that stuff! (laughs)

JAMES: No more Patti Page!

OSCAR: Well, Patti, I think she hung in there for a while! but there...you're

right—all of that was kinda bein' eased out...or had to adapt and had to start singin' that stuff. Then, of course, in '63 here came the Beatles, and this was the first time, a situation where white guys could sound like black guys....and prove that they weren't. (laughs) They were all for that—"oh, wow!" And then when Elvis Presley came along, same kinda thing. But always, up to that time, the music had been pretty much....

JAMES: Grouped together.

OSCAR: So, the way I got in with Vee Jay was simply because I knew Vivian and Jimmy, and I was tryin' to break into the music business and there they were. I even tried to form my own record company, Creation Records.

JAMES: Anything ever come out?

OSCAR: Yeah, we put out a record, I forgot what the name was....

JAMES: Was it by you?

OSCAR: Yeah, it was by me...recorded down here at Universal Studios, I paid for it, had a distributor...but I didn't know beans about it, you know, I didn't have the money and you can't just do it like that, you know? So I blew maybe three, four thousand dollars of somebody else's money.

JAMES: You still have copies after all this time?

OSCAR: Heck naw.

JAMES: Do you have copies of most of your records?

OSCAR: I don't have copies of any of 'em. I don't have anything to play 'em on, I don't carry that kind of stuff around. I got to be such a gypsy, after while, that it was much more profitable to travel light, for personal and political reasons, all kinds of stuff.

JAMES: You told me you envisioned yourself as a writer. How did you make the transition to singer?

OSCAR: Well, nobody was singin' what I was writin' (laughs), so that was how that happened! When I was writing songs and I was trying to get people to sing my songs, and I was writing a musical by this time, *Kicks and Co.*....then *A Raisin in The Sun* came to town. Lorraine (Hansberry, who wrote *Raisin In The Sun*), her family lived across the street from where I lived. Anyhow, I went over to her house and sang some of my songs to her and read this play. Her husband, Bob Nemerol, was a songwriter, he was also in the music publishing business, with a man called Phil Rose, who produced *Raisin*. So I started sending my songs to Bob Demarol in NYC, for them to kick around to try to get singers to record 'em. He carried it to Columbia Records and Al Ham was interested in my performance, so they contacted me with a contract to become a singer. So I sent 'em that contract with a note saying it looked like a clever circumvention of the 13th Amendment to me and I wasn't into being a singer anyway, and what were they gonna do with me as a writer. Mitch Miller saw that and said "who needs him?" At the time, Mitch was head of Columbia's AandR. A year passed and Al called me again. I signed, they never rewrote the contract, but it did launch me into a singing career.

JAMES: So the first LP was *Sin and Soul*?

OSCAR: Correct.

JAMES: There's all these quotes from famous people plastered on the front cover. You had to have been getting around by this time.

OSCAR: By that time, I had written a play, I'd gone to New York, I was hooked up with Columbia Records, and then Nemerol and his partner decided that they would like to produce *Kicks and Co.* I'd written this play in hopes that Phil Rose was going to produce it. The three of them got into an argument about who was gonna have artistic control and they fought with Phil, and because Bob had been instrumental in my getting a recording contract, he asked me would I let him and his partner be the producer. I agreed to do that. So when I went to New York the first time to record, I had brought this play along. As the first record came out, I was involved in doing backer's auditions to raise money for the play. All this was happening simultaneously. I got my first engagement, which was at the Village Vanguard. When I was presented on the *Today* program, I was a sensation when I got to the Village Vanguard. They got a tremendous response from that highly successful appearance, and Dave Garroway himself was so personally impressed that he came to see me with his daughter a couple of nights later. He invited me, on the spot, in the club, to come on the *Today* show, and they turned over the whole two hours to a backer's audition to raise money to do *Kicks and Co.*

JAMES: That's a hip move.

OSCAR: It was so hip that the New York State Legislature then passed the law to make sure that that never happened again!

JAMES: It does not pay to be hip!

OSCAR: No, not in your time. (both laugh) Posthumous profits (laughs), but nothing happens concurrent with your living. But that did enable us to get enough money to put the show on, and it opened here at McCormick Place—and closed immediately. It probably ran out of money. The budget was \$400,000, but by bringing the show here to Chicago, to open, they spent, they gambled, and they thought by being successful in Chicago, hey would be able to recoup their initial 400,000 and go into New York sittin' pretty. However, the cost of flying all those people to Chicago and putting them up in hotels, and rehearsing them and finding rehearsal halls and all that depleted the money so that before we opened in Chicago, they were broke. They managed to raise enough dollars to keep on going. The critics in Chicago hated it, except for the Defender, who loved it.

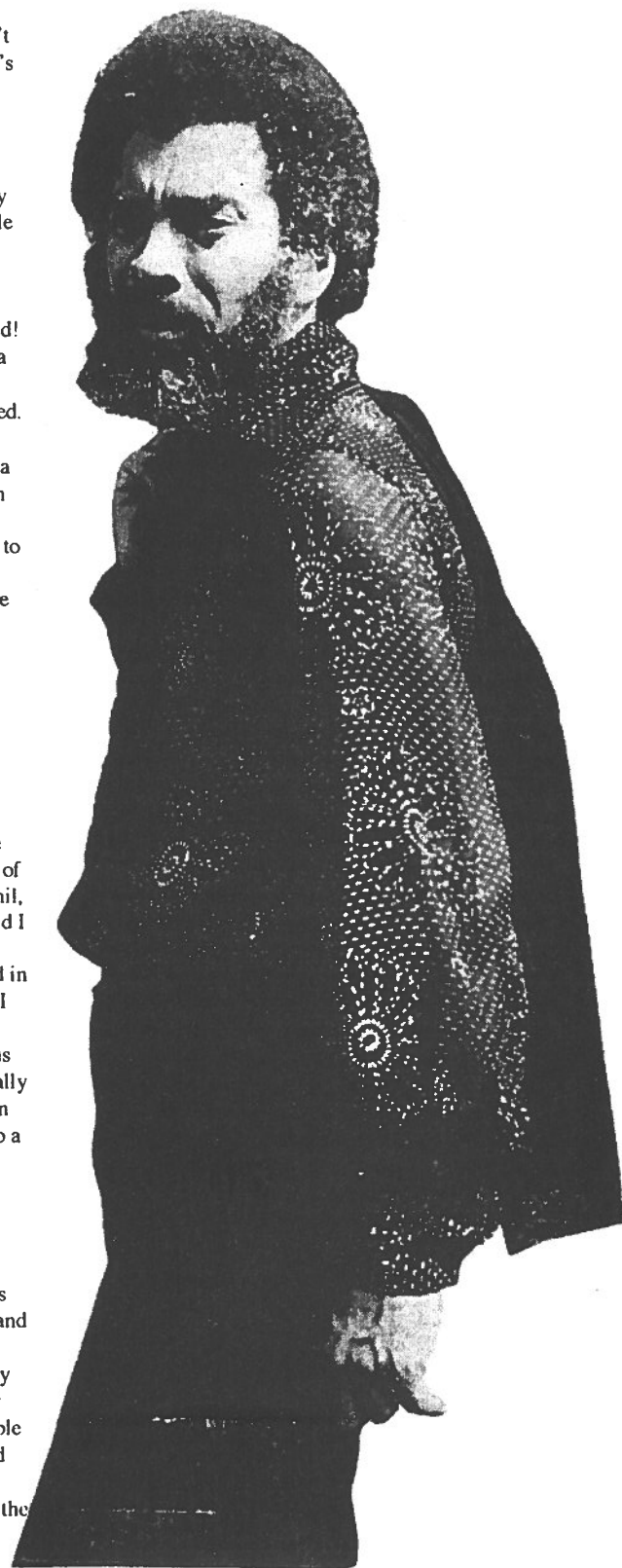
JAMES: Why did the other papers hate it? I can guess but I want to hear it from you.

OSCAR: Well, Quality Casting said it was "pelvic choreography." It was the twist, but it was before the Twist had broken out! In fact, the twist didn't break out until like two weeks after *Kicks and Co.*, and I think that's why it broke out, in New York, 'cause it was big in the black community, but those dances didn't necessarily...

JAMES: Cross over.

OSCAR: I think somebody called it "Amateur Night In Dixie!" It was just the general prejudice.....

JAMES: That's what I was thinking.





OSCAR: So the black press loved it, but the white press didn't understand it and contested it. We went to N.Y. then, and David Merrick, who was a big producer, let us take over one of his stages during the daytime to try and raise money to resurrect it but that was unsuccessful so it died.

JAMES: So how did those CBS albums do?

OSCAR: After the first two albums, Al Ham got fired and became my manager, but I was sort of a lame duck at Columbia after that. Al Ham had signed me, he loved me, I was one of his projects. Ham was really there to be my champion! And he got fired, I didn't have a champion! So, whoever inherited me, I was alright but I wasn't his, he hadn't signed me. Other acts were being signed, and those would be the ones that he would push. So while I was there with Al Ham, everything was red carpet. Once he left, it got more and more back door, and finally I was just out the door. I had just returned from London, England where I had done a sensational one-man show with terrific reviews, and I came back pissed at the record company, talking to Clive Davis, who was at that time a lawyer for them. I said, "why don't you let me out of the contract if you're not gonna support me." I couldn't even get the record in

the record store next door to the theatre and I've had all these hit reviews! "All the greats rolled into one!" "Must see!" "Sammy Davis, move over!" It seemed like a month later, they dropped me from the label.

JAMES: How many LP's did you do for them? Four?

OSCAR: Four.

JAMES: And the last one would have been ...Tells It Like It Is!, right?

OSCAR: Correct. In A New Mood was the second one—no, the third one. That was when they were trying to get me to change.

JAMES: So how did they try to make you change?

OSCAR: I was doin' "Brown Baby", "Bid 'Em In", "Signifying Monkey" (earlier). (On *New Mood*) I started doin' "Let My People Go" (laughs)...I was in the same old mood!

JAMES: Somewhere down the line, in this time zone, you had *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*.....

OSCAR: Yeah, well, Al Ham...

JAMES: You owe him some favors, huh?

OSCAR: Well, I paid him...he was my manager at the time. He was looking through the trades and he saw where Steve Allen was lookin' for somebody to host a series. At that time, I had a gig comin' up in San Francisco at the Hungry i. He arranged for me to go down to L.A. from San Francisco and audition for this show.

JAMES: Was this a network TV series?

OSCAR: No, it was a syndicated show—no network was thinkin' about jazz at that time, now we're talkin' back in '61 or '62?

JAMES: Did you have any say in who the guests were gonna be?

OSCAR: No...mostly it was John Tyner or Leonard Feather. No, I didn't have much to say about that. In the first place, I wouldn't have known who to ask anyway (laughs)...Leonard Feather gave me a "Blindfold Test" (a still-running column in *Down Beat* magazine where musicians, facing away from the stereo, try to identify and comment on other musicians records) and I flunked it! "Who was this?" "How the hell would I know?" I wasn't an aficionado, I was a consumer! I was very pleased with doing that show, it gave me the experience of television, it was still black and white at that time, so that was quite a while ago. I thought it was well done, and it's out now (on videotape). I saw a couple of episodes about three months ago....

JAMES: How do they hold up to you, after all this time?

OSCAR: Great! There's me, 30-40 years ago! (laughs)

JAMES: See, that's the thing—we've been taking about how you were too far ahead of your time, but you always had exposure.....you definitely had friends in high places!

OSCAR: That's in the highest place (laughs).....somebody *up there* likes me!

JAMES: There were more conventional black singers than you who couldn't buy that kind of exposure.....you were doing alright!

OSCAR: I'll tell you another one...the *Today* show. With *Kicks and Co.*? You couldn't even imagine a thing like that—that had to be a godsend! Subsequently, whereas the thing with *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* was middle management lookin' out for his artist and seeing an opportunity and following through with a show called *From Jumpstreet*.....that was totally serendipitous! I mean, (for *Jumpstreet*), I had no manager, I had nobody, I was just sorta walkin' along and fell into it! So that has happened to me from time to time, I've had opportunities to disappear and look like they were right there, and all of a sudden it evaporated, and I haven't been able to

understand how that is.

JAMES: I don't know if you've kept track, but a lot of people, like Johnny Rivers, Albert Collins, and whatnot have covered your songs through the years. What's your favorite?

OSCAR: I welcome 'em all.

JAMES: I singled out Rivers, because he covered a couple of your songs in the 60's.....did you ever meet him?

OSCAR: He and I started to record...he was gonna record me one time, but we had a big fallin' out because I thought he was just really after Jean, my old lady!

JAMES: Yeah?!

OSCAR: He was pullin' some....like we'd go into the studio and I'd *nail one*, a good take....and he'd erase it. That kinda shit was goin' down....as I say, we were going to record, but I thought that sex got in the way o that. For Jean, that was an *adventure*, being with Jean Pace in the 1960's—wooo! (laughs) A walk down Broadway was an adventure!

JAMES: So how did you hook up with her? I know she's a performer too....

OSCAR: I met her at a party at Redd Foxx's house....Redd Foxx and I used to perform together from time to time. He was living in L.A. and performing at Basin Street West and she was dancin' in the chorus line there. He invited me to his party the night of the Cuban Missile Crisis, I remember that, and I was playing in a club there called the Crescendo. After work, I went to this party about two or three blocks away—his joint was there, and there she stood....aw, buddy! (laughs) And that's how we met. This was during the period when I was coming out there quite frequently to do episodes of *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, so I was constantly in Los Angeles, performing in Los Angeles as well.

JAMES: This takes us to the mid-sixties. What were you doing, stagewise?

OSCAR: I was performing in clubs like the Troubadour in Los Angeles...I had gone to Las Vegas but they had asked me to leave, quick, because I wasn't attracting gamblers (laughs). I did the Troubadour, the Hootenanny on the West Coast, the Cafe Au Go-Go and some clubs like that in New York. In '65 I met Luiz Enrique, I was just goin' around to clubs, and I had gone to Cafe Au Go-Go, and this young Brazilian man was there playing, and he and I became good friends and started collaborating on some songs. He would sing songs in Portuguese to me, or he would do something and I would do lyrics, translating them and all that...that led to our doing this album together and doing a show called *Joy '66* that next year, which included Jean, and ran for several months here (in Chicago) at a club called the Happy Medium. Stagewise, that's what I was doing—*then*. Once I was in Chicago, and stationed there, I began to audition other actors to do another show, so we did a second show called *Summer In The City*. At the same time, I commissioned Phil Cohran to write the music to Paul Laurence Dunbar's poetry, and we sold that to the Chicago Board of Education—toured shows for about a dozen weeks. At the same time, I made contact with the Blackstone Rangers, and we began talkin' to them about some alternative activity to what they were doin', which was basically gang-bangin' and terrorizing the neighborhood. We were doing *Summer In The City*. The fact that there was this gang presence was bad for business and that's one of the reasons that I contacted gangs—could we do something for them tha

would stop them from steppin' on my hustle! I said we'd do a show for 'em, but they said, "well, we got some talent, can we be in the show?" We wound up doin' a show called *Opportunity, Please Knock*, which really changed my life, basically, because it let me see that there was this enormous talent in the black community. This is where all the dances came from; this is where all the popular music comes from; so I began to really concentrate on that. *Opportunity Please Knock* ran for a little while, with those kids being on the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*.

JAMES: I always thought it was bizarre that Dick Smothers had to talk about what you were doing during the song, instead of before.

OSCAR: I don't think he explained what I was doing because I don't think my name came up in that.

JAMES: Yeah, it didn't, but I remember him mentioning Opportunity Please Knock.

OSCAR: It was no explanation of *Opportunity Please Knock* without me because there wouldn't have been one. It wasn't something that was just...done, it had to come out of....it was a whole political thing. When I was talkin' to the Blackstone Rangers, we weren't just talkin' show business. We were talkin' *politics*. Why are you guys gangbangin'? Why are you fighting the East Side Disciples? So we started talkin' about elections, we stated talkin' about the Red Guard in China was very dominant....instead of you guys being the ones who are terrorizin' the community, when the old lady sees you at the corner, she should know the young warriors are here and she should feel protected and safe. So, we were trying to instill this against the process, against the whole concept of white supremacy that was on them. So, it was more than just a show, it was a political effort. We tried to get the T.W.O., for example, to donate enough money just for us to put ads in the papers 'cause we had a dynamite show—the people were standing, cheering, *in tears* and all after every show. They wouldn't give us a quarter. Now Woodlawn has disappeared. The people who control the money—Rev. Brazier and them—they got big churches and big operations...

JAMES: Are they still around?

OSCAR: Oh yes! Highly successfully around! But the Blackstone Rangers and those young people who dwell in that area, that looks like a war hit it, and a war *did* hit it. When I went to Brazier, we had the show all organized, and all we needed was they would put some ads in the paper and let the people know what these kids have done, what they can do, let the people come and see it, and we'll pay you back—just lend us the money, this is a hot show! No, they said they couldn't put the money into anything but plumbing and carpentry and bricklaying....actually, what we did with the money was we turned it over to Jeff Fort and some of those guys and let them mess with it till they could put 'em in jail for misappropriating' public money. But anybody who knew them would know that they was gonna misappropriate the money...I took 'em over to Seaway Bank to try to teach them banking so they would have sound business principles to operate with. "I don't wanna get caught in a crossfire when you start shootin' each other—and I know you will—about chump change, about money I could've been makin' every week if I wasn't foolin' with you! So let's get this organized." I got them together. We used to talk, you know, really hard business. The first weekend, we made fifteen thousand bucks. A bunch of older gangsters tried to move in on the fifteen thousand dollars.

JAMES: Did they succeed?

OSCAR: No. Nope. They had opened a bank account and they were sayin' "Where's the money? Where's the money?" Jeff Fort said, "why didn't you put the money in the name of the Blackstone Rangers?" A half-a-dozen older guys who I thought were the O.G.'s of the operation, the Old Gangsters, but they weren't. They were just some cats who were tryin' to make a move on it. One of them (the older guys) made the mistake of saying, "well, what difference does it make what name we put the account in? Blackstone ain't shit." To them, that was like stompin' on the flag in front of a bunch of Marines, that just infuriated the Blackstone Rangers. And the Big Chief, Bull was his name, Gene Harriston, stood up and said, "I'm the Big Chief", pointed to Jeff Fort and said, "that's the Little Chief and these are the main 21"—talkin' about the crowd of young men there, and then he turned to these seven or eight older guys and said, "who are you motherfuckers? This is Oscar Brown, Jr. and the Blackstones' thang." So when I left there, I was Papa Blackstone on the bus goin' back there and I had the account and it looked like we were gonna be able to do great things. Bull and I then went to the Tribune the next day, and the Daily News, and the Sun-Times, and the Chicago Defender, and told 'em, "we don't have any money but we have a dynamite show. If you'll just give us some publicity and help us, we can keep going. And they told us that the police didn't want them to say nice things about these gangsters, so they didn't even print the reviews that their own reporters had written about the show. And so we were shut out. And when that happened, the gang then reverted to their gangster stuff...I had to get the hell out of there—Jean and I left and went to New York.

JAMES: From there, you started Joy again, with Sivuca.

OSCAR: Let me tell you something else that happened that's quite interesting. After the Blackstone Ranger thing—during it—Dick Hatcher was running for mayor of Gary. He had a big benefit out there, Harry Belafonte was the headliner, and I came out there with half a dozen kids from the Blackstone Rangers. When Hatcher got elected, he hired Jean and me to come to Gary to work with the youth there. He got a \$75,000 government grant and put us on the payroll and said, "find the talent in Gary and start workin' with them." In order to discover the talent we had a contest. All the kids in Gary between 13-18 or something were invited to be in this contest. The winners of the contest were the Jackson Five!

JAMES: Just before Motown?

OSCAR: That's how they got to Motown! Motown would never have heard of them, because the kids who finished second were damned good too! The kids who finished third were damned good.

Gary was full of talent, but their chances of gettin' that kind of exposure weren't too likely. By the time we did our little show the Jackson Five were on Motown, and they were gone. So, at the end of that year, I was hoping that we could stay there and create a new industry because there was so much talent that instead of it just being Steeltown it seemed like it could be as much of an entertainment town as Motown was. But the governor didn't have that money for us to continue the program, and in the meanwhile, someone had become interested in a play called *Big Time Buck White*, and asked if I would be interested in directing it, in California. I had seen *Big Time Buck White* while I was in L.A., and I was so impressed with it that I had begun writing some song about the characters. And so, when I went there, instead of just directing it, I talked him into letting me convert it into a musical, which is what happened. So in 1969, I guess it was, we went to New York and did *Buck White* as a musical. While I was doing that, my friend Luiz Enrique, who had been down in Brazil, had gone home to Brazil after our *Joy '66* experience, he came back with half a dozen songs that he had written and I started writin' lyrics and we started talkin' about bringing Sivuca, whom we knew, into the show. He was, at that time, living in New York—he had been performing with Miriam Makeba.

JAMES: You got back into recording around this time on Atlantic.

OSCAR: That was a result of a fellow named Joel Dorn being at Atlantic Records....he signed me to the label.

JAMES: You had a hit single with "The Lone Ranger", until it got pulled.

OSCAR: Yeah, it was on the charts with a bullet. I guess the bullet hit something! I understood that in Washington they just came and physically took the record out of the radio stations.

JAMES: I guess the people who owned the copyright were still around.

OSCAR: You can't copyright a title, and to snatch it for that reason was not...true. For example, I had a song called "Watermelon Man" and Mongo Santamaria had a song called "Watermelon Man"—both of us had songs called "Watermelon Man!"

JAMES: Whose came first?

OSCAR: I imagine his did, but I didn't know it. Mine grew out of a childhood experience—(sings)"HEY, WATERMELON MAN, get your WATERMELON MAN"—the watermelon man used to sing in the alley. When I was a little kid, I started hearin' that.

JAMES: In the early 80's, you had a play called The Great Nitty Gritty, which had pop dancing long before Flashdance.

OSCAR: During the auditions, they had some pop-lockers, and they had some modern dancers over there auditioning. One gang would be the pop-lock movement, and the other gang would be the modern



dance movement, and then sometimes it would coincide. And man, the critics didn't know what they were seeing! That was before Michael Jackson came out with "Thriller" and all that!

JAMES: I guess, in retrospect, some white critic would say you were ahead of your time. A black writer would say that you were just reflecting what you saw!

OSCAR: When we were doin' *Kicks and Co.*, when we had the dances, we didn't want 'em just doin' Arabesque, we wanted 'em doin' the twist! The hully gully—we wanted 'em to reflect what we are! And put *that* into a dramatic context. And I studied later, I found out that Scott Joplin had the same aspirations! He wrote ragtime dance, ragtime ballet, and it was his intention to take the Jenny Diva's dance, and the World Fair stomp, and all the dances that were popular in his time—the Cakewalk—and put them into a classical context, but that is really....

JAMES: That's what strikes me as weird—when you're black, you're considered culturally deprived. When you're white, you're culturally diverse. The white creator is called diverse and ahead of his or her time.

OSCAR: Oh, I will be after I'm dead....

JAMES: But the scary part is, that the white will be immortalized while still alive.

OSCAR: It doesn't hurt so much, from a personal standpoint, because I think I got what I deserved, it's the life I cut out for myself. If you're gonna fight this man...I haven't filed federal income tax since 1965, so I just fight 'em. After I saw what happened with the Blackstone Rangers....after I realized where I was and the hostility of the whole situation, there's no point in our trying to ingratiate ourselves with these people because we're not....we (blacks) didn't come here right. We're not in the situation in the right way. We came as a degraded race and were held that way. Even when we were told we were citizens it was not with the freedom that everybody else became citizens. Everybody else who wanted to be a citizen came and was naturalized and bought into it. We were just declared citizens by edict, which meant that the slaves had to cast their political lot with the masters!

JAMES: and so that's how you managed to evade paying income tax since '65?

OSCAR: I don't *evade*....evasion is when you try to avoid payin' some tax—my contention is that only United States citizens owe...and that's no way for them to have made my family citizens of this! My grandfather was born in 1860 in Hines County, Mississippi, he was not considered a person. In 1868, they decided he was a person, and that person was a member of this political organization and all his descendants would then be likewise, if they remained here. Well....that's crap. We're kidnap victims. We were brought here, the country acts like it didn't affront us at all. They act like they owe us no apology and that they bear no blame—that we actually benefited from having been dragged here in chains and having the shit beat out of us. We have been bred to go along with it—we have been bred to be afraid. (Oscar pronounces "afraid" to rhyme with "bred"—"afred") We don't produce a damn thing for ourselves. We don't produce shoes, food, gasoline, oil—nothin'. We have the talent and ability to turn this around if we only come to the realization of where we are and where we come from.

JAMES: I used to watch *Roc* every week, so it was a surprise to see you on that show.

OSCAR: Well, I was somewhat surprised myself! (laughs) I was on there

for three episodes....I was supposed to be a piano player but the piano didn't have an sound comin' out of it (laughs and starts playing air piano)!

JAMES: You play anything?

OSCAR: Nope (laughs)! I play the laptop computer! (The *Roc* experience) was good for money—I bought a car. I don't like that kind of television (sitcoms), personally.

JAMES: Did more people recognize you?

OSCAR: Whole lot! Lot! I mean, like the next day! I was on *Roc* Sunday—Monday, *phew!* That became the most significant gig I'd done in ten years, as far as most people were concerned.

JAMES: Any thoughts for the future besides writing?

OSCAR: Well, no....I'll be 70 years old on my next birthday (AUTHOR'S NOTE: he looks younger), so I'm not looking for the grand tour. I'm not trying to go to any awards benefits, that's for sure (laughs)—I don't feel like being bothered! I find that fame and fortune bring a very low class of people into your life. You meet some slick characters who need money! I'm not a total recluse. I've written some tunes in my head, I'd like to get 'em out. There are some plays I've written, I'd like to see them produced. I'd like to be around—I'd like to be a part of that.

LISTENER'S GUIDE TO OSCAR BROWN, JR.

Clip out, keep in wallet

The soul of Oscar Brown, Jr. does not live and die by the turntable and CD player—he's had so many hustles going at different periods of his life that records were but a fraction of his world. For a man who claims to be a songwriter first and singer second, Brown has an unusually dynamic voice, and since he has a solid theater background, his phrasing is more "stagey" than most jazz vocalists (like Brown is considered to be). This could backfire on a more obnoxious singer, but Oscar Brown, Jr. knows when to turn it up, down, or off. All reviews were written by James Porter except where noted.

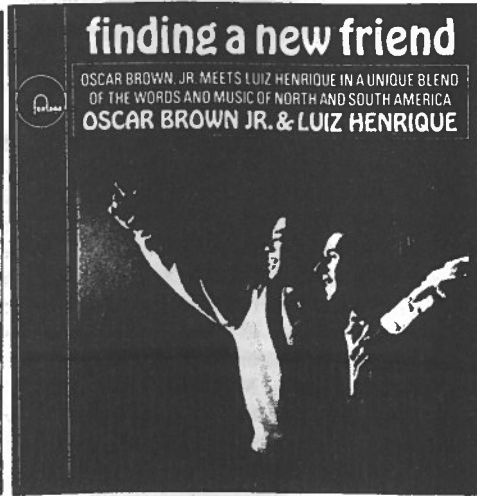
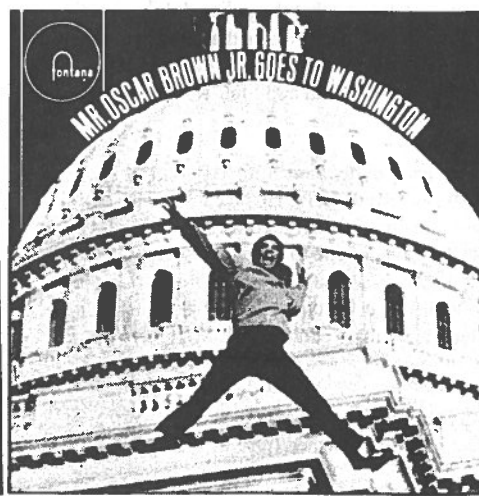
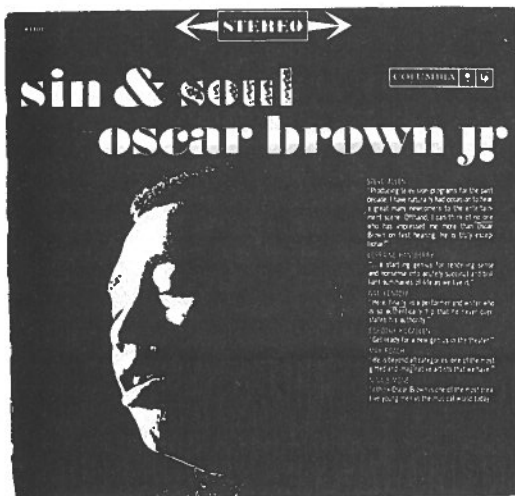
SIN and SOUL (Columbia, 1960)

BETWEEN HEAVEN and HELL (Columbia, 1962)

You gotta give it up for Oscar. Anybody who'd put his most dangerous, raw, edgy, not-quite-easy-listening material on his debut albums for *the biggest record company in the world* deserves all the praise he can get. Especially in that paranoid era. I'll bet Mitch Miller probably had a heart attack in the CBS boardroom after hearing these. Columbia spared no expense, giving him a front-line roster of jazz musicians to work with, and turning up the imposing CBS Echo (heard on all their artists' records, from Tony Bennett to Johnny Cash), adding more depth to intense numbers like "Bid 'Em In" (about a slave auction) and "Work Song" (Sam Cooke's "Chain Gang" was never quite like this). Both records are good, but *Sin and Soul* is probably the best. However, the militant overtones of these records were too much to take for Columbia, which is how we wound up with....

IN A NEW MOOD (Columbia, 1962)

That's a fitting title for this album, as Columbia seemed to be trying to cast him in a new light. His first two LP's for the label featured his talents as a songwriter (as well as a singer), and focused on material he had written for shows, or jazz songs that he had written the lyrics for (like "Work Song" or



"Dat Dere"). But in contrast to those LP's, *New Mood* features Oscar doing covers, or standards, and includes songs like "Where Or When" and "Hey There". The only Brown-penned track on the album was another version of "Work Song" (probably considered by Columbia to be the biggest potential hit). The orchestrations, by either Ralph Burns or Al Cohn, gave the LP a more sedate feel, and had less of the jazz sound that graced his first two albums. But although it seems as if this was the album in which Oscar Brown, Jr. was to emerge as a sensitive interpreter of familiar songs, instead of presenting his own ideas, *New Mood* is actually not that bad a record. His voice is deep and resonant enough to give the material new power, and Burns and Cohn are (as always) great arrangers. The only difference here is that Brown's special thing—that jazzy "umph" that he added to his own songs—seems to be missing. (Rick Wojcik)

OSCAR BROWN JR. TELLS IT LIKE IT IS! (Columbia, 1963)

Back then, titles didn't lie. The "umph" was back. Having failed in their attempt to mold him into Nat "King" Cole, Brown's back to his old mood, this time with a small organ combo, the likes of which were just starting to invade the jazz world. This is Oscar Brown at his bluesiest—from the organ pulsations of "Sing Hallelujah" to the twist rhythm of "Tall Like Pine." This also included the misogynist fable "The Snake", in which a lowdown guitar helps Oscar tell the tale of a pretty lady who befriends a "poor half-frozen snake." (Check out the hit version by Al Wilson, of "Show and Tell" fame, and produced by Johnny Rivers. This forgotten oldie from 1968 sounds too close to Tom Jones for comfort.)

MR. OSCAR BROWN, JR. GOES TO WASHINGTON (Fontana, 1966)

Billed in the liner notes as "the real Oscar Brown", ...*Goes To Washington* offers the singer recorded in a live show at the Cellar Door, a mid-sixties nightclub in the nation's capital. This set features all-new material (including the great "Living Double In A World Of Trouble", later recorded by Lou Rawls), and has tight orchestrations by Floyd Morris, one of Brown's better collaborators (who seemed to have left working for Columbia to move to the Fontana/Philips/Mercury stable to do some arranging for others, and put out a couple singles of his own). In keeping with the other stuff on the Fontana label, this LP seems to be shooting for a hip, liberal audience, and has the feel of a Nina Simone album, especially the ones recorded for Philips. (Rick Wojcik)

FINDING A NEW FRIEND (Oscar Brown, Jr. and Luiz Henrique) (Fontana, 1966)

Nice, subtle readings of (largely) Brazilian material, mostly in the bossa nova vein, with a few original compositions by Oscar. This effort emerged out of a friendship between Brown and Luis Henrique, and continued into Henrique's LP *Listen To Me* (for which Brown provided part of the material), and into Brown's show *Joy '66*. While neither hard bossa, nor Brown's usual fiery stuff, *Finding* is a nice mellow blending of two rich voices (even if that comment is lifted directly from the liner notes!) (Rick Wojcik)

JOY (original cast album) (RCA, 1970)

Brown shares this LP with Jean Pace and the Brazilian guitarist Sivuca. This works well on its' own merits, not just as a souvenir of the play: MVP Award: the uncredited percussionist. This long-player has a decided Brazilian influence, continuing in the vein of Oscar's duet LP with Luiz

Henrique. I'll admit, I'm not the biggest fan of that kind of music (damn that Sergio Mendes!) but Sivuca's guitar playing and vocalizing is a real discovery, blending well with Oscar and Jean. I'd like to find out what Sivuca himself has in the record racks.

MOVIN' ON (Atlantic, 1972)

This set captures Oscar in a 70's jazz-funk mode. He's truly in flight, crooning in an almost operatic tone that makes the songs that much more believable. Whether he's taking his girlfriend with him to the White House, narrating a gang fight, or eulogizing a dead friend he calls "Christlike", Brown is in total command. He's getting sharper with the pen, too—"I'm just sittin' here wishin' / That the brothers could end their division / Before they wind up like me in prison." Also out there: "Ladies' Man", later made famous by blues-soul singer Latimore.

BROTHER WHERE ARE YOU (Atlantic, 1974)

His most schizoid album ever. Side one modulates between funk and Brazilian ballads without warning. His jivey, put-on voice alternates with his operatic balladeer vocals from song to song, but on the second side Oscar says "fuck it" and decides to make it all pretty for the people, tipping the scales toward Brazilian music. According to the man himself, there was no game plan, it was just the material and his mood of the moment—it works well. This includes "The Lone Ranger", his only hit single (#27 on Billboard's soul charts, #69 pop), and truly O.B. at his best. While Oscar whispers this song about Tonto dissing the Lone Ranger in the heat of battle as if he doesn't want to wake up the neighbors, the female singers (featuring Cissy Houston) barks out the chorus: "whatcha mean we, white man, whatcha mean we?"

FRESH (Atlantic, 1974)

Summit meeting of the giants as Oscar teams up with Jerry Butler, who produces. Oscar says that towards the end, Atlantic also tried to tone down his protest numbers so he'd have more hit record potential. This is the least jazzy of any of the albums he's recorded—it sounds like they're aiming him squarely at the black Top 40, instead. If you're a fan of post-*Shaft* wah-wah funk grooves, you'll love this album—Brown sounds very much at home with this material. Butler, at that time, had a writer's workshop in Chicago on South Michigan Avenue (the late, lamented Record Row) and most of the songs come from that collective. "Sally B. White", about a black lady in white society who forgets her roots, was almost a hit for its' writer, Charles Bevel, around the same time as "The Lone Ranger", with a race-relations tale that's just as deadly, but Brown's delivery almost turns Bevel's near-blues into a lighthearted romp. You could fill up an entire album with songs about Grandma boogalooing at some young folks' party (I've heard several records with that theme), and "Granny" (written by Butler and Marvin Yancy) is one of the better tunes in that neglected genre. Elsewhere, he does Bobby Rush's classic "Chicken Heads", gets a singalong chorus going on "Don't Mess With Bessie", and the remake of "Hazel's Hips" (originally on *Between Heaven and Hell*) burns down the cornfield. Brown was older, wiser, and just about worked up a sweat on this loving description of some waitress' behind.

THEN and NOW (Weasel Disc, 1995)

Many people are surprised that there is no comprehensive best-of by Oscar Brown, Jr. in the CD racks, although *Sin and Soul* is supposed to be reissued in June. Until then, this will do. (And don't let the wording in the credits fool you—the first eight songs did appear on the first two albums.....but the versions here are modern-day remakes.) This is a lowkey jazz affair, and the production isn't as in-your-face like his first records were, but that just lets Oscar's voice stand out more. Of the new tunes, the highlights include the bluesy "Cyberspace Is The Place" and "The Entertainer", a bitter eulogy for ragtime pianist Scott Joplin. Way to go!

OSCAR BROWN JR.

STEREO

OSCAR BROWN, JR.
Between Heaven and

then & now



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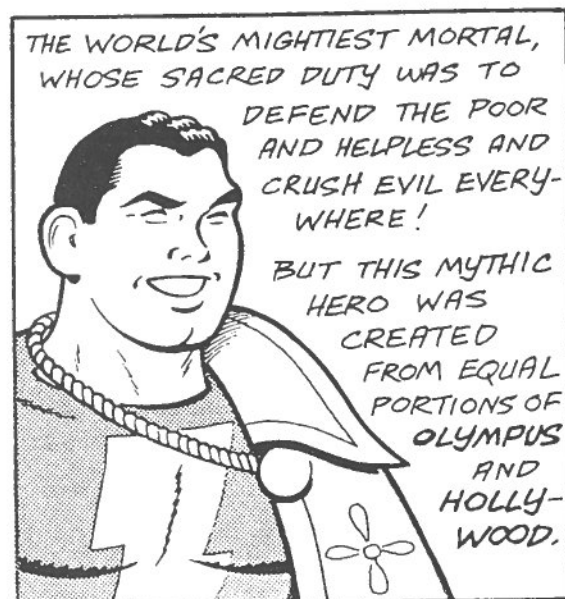
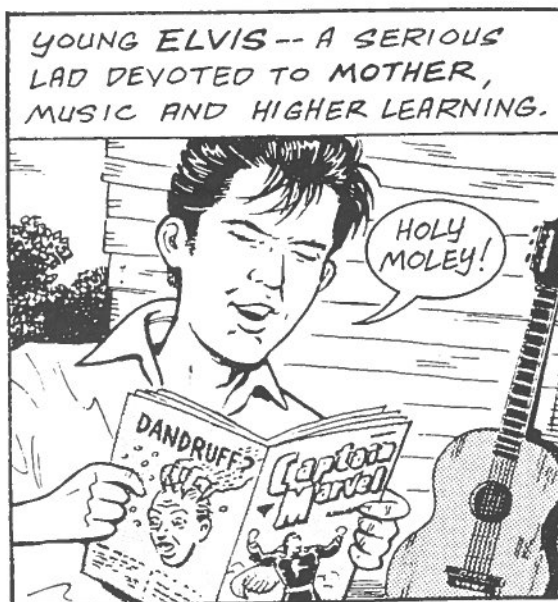
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So, was George a good guy?
 John: He's a very nice man.



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Were you ever in a band in high school?
 Ron: No, I had a couple of friends who played instruments here and there. I don't think I had the patience to sit down and learn anything. I was one of those antsy kind of kids who didn't like to sit in class too much, you know, more activity, home ec kinda stuff, gym.

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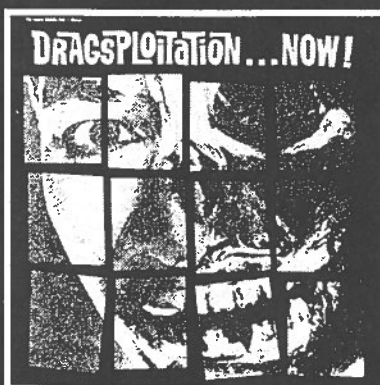


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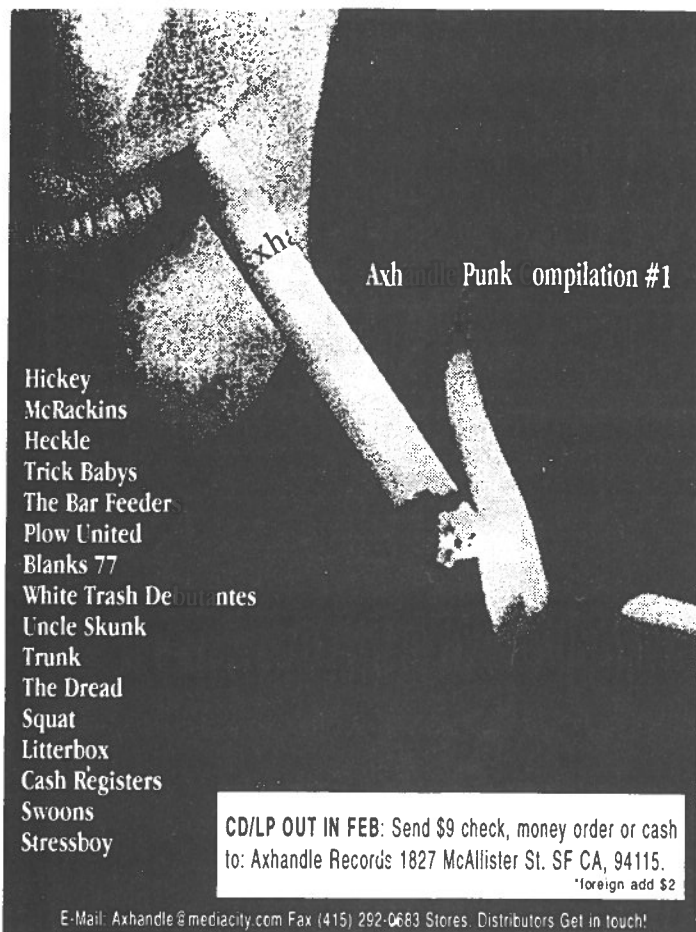
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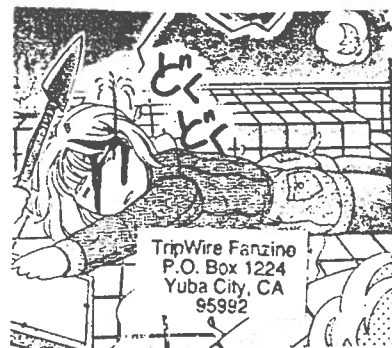
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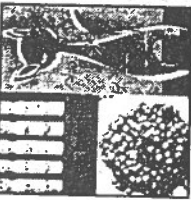


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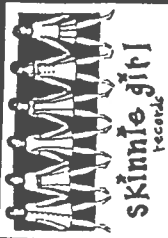
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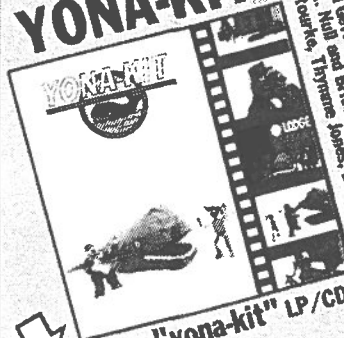
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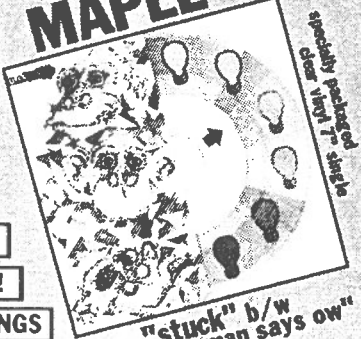
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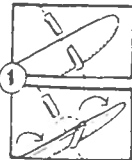




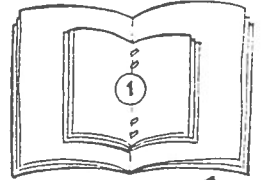
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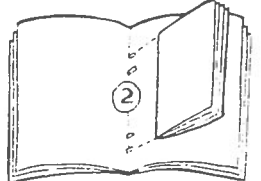
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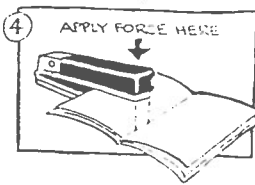
STEP ONE (1)
Carefully bend up ends of staples using a butter knife.



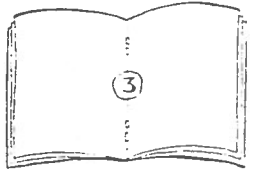
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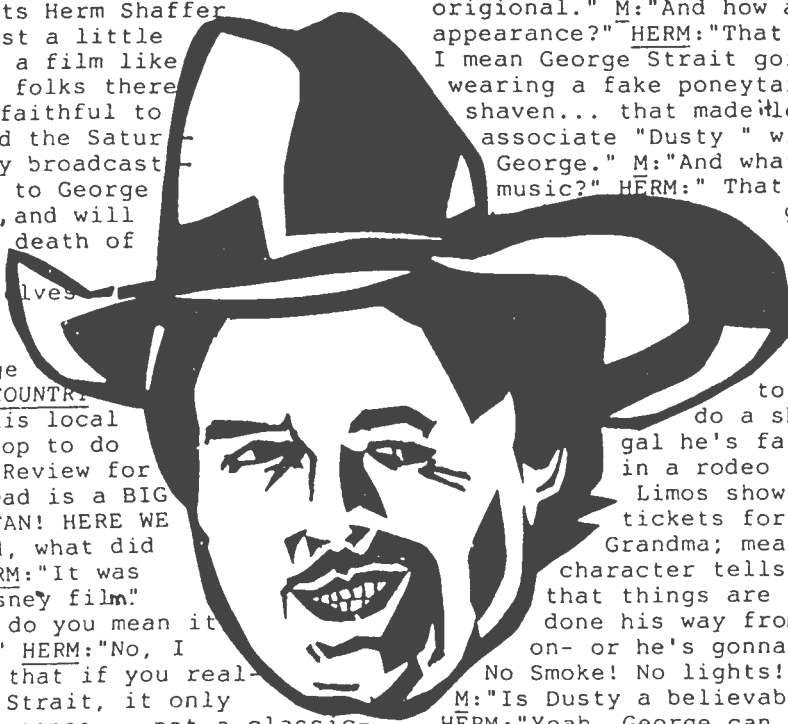
-Jason Lutes



GEORGE

STRAIT • The Country Music Star

I guess the parts Herm Shaffer lives in are just a little too Country for a film like PURE COUNTRY... folks there are stubbornly faithful to Minnie Pearl and the Saturday Morning Opry broadcast still dedicated to George "No Show" Jones, and will be mourning the death of Conway Twitty till they themselves turn to dust- So Dad had to wait for George Strait's PURE COUNTRY to show up in his local Video Rental shop to do this Interview/Review for ROCKTOBER- My Dad is a BIG GEORGE STRAIT FAN! HERE WE GO: M: "So Dad, what did you think?" HERM: "It was like a Walt Disney film." M: "And by that do you mean it was a classic?" HERM: "No, I suppose I mean that if you really know George Strait, it only sometimes makes sense... not a c it's about the life of a famous singer- and the smoke and lights go along with the Country Stars He doesn't like the way his woman running things. Well, "Dusty" (George takes a long walk one night after ends up at his Grandmother's place on his career- and he wants ou surprised me was his goin' to the kind of getting drunk... You know He's a real family man- he takes George Strait Jr.) on the road- on Tour and everything." M: "So you might have tarnished his image a I'm only suggesting* that the so was to put him in as many of the I mean "The Lonely Guy in the B



original." M: "And how about his appearance?" HERM: "That was different - I mean George Strait going around wearing a fake ponytail and unshaven... that made it less easy to associate 'Dusty' with the Real George." M: "And what about the music?" HERM: "That was good,

good George
Strait music.
The end of the
film was kind
of a bummer."

M: "Why so?"

HERM: "He does

to Las Vegas to
do a show, and the
gal he's fallen' for is
in a rodeo there- His
Limos show up at it with
tickets for her and her
Grandma; meanwhile, George's
character tells his manager
that things are gonna be
his way from that point
on he's gonna do them alone.
Me! No lights! just me!"

M: "Is Dusty a believable character?"

HERM:"Yeah, George can pull it off-
I mean it's a transition for him-
but having met him that time in
New York City, I can believe he
s knows where the character is coming
from (My father saw all of the
d Giants of Country Music once at
ct Madison Square Garden a few years
lly ago... he was walking the
t and the streets after the show,
rait, and ran into George Strait
son, standing outside of his Tour
he goes, Bus which had just been
at scene side-swipped by a Taxi-cab.
HERM:"No, They talked... it was the
possibility second time the two had
as possible- met). The real George
not very Strait behaves like a

HERM

MY DAD! HIS NUMBER 1 FAN!

very down-to-earth guy- and as far as Smoke and Lights goes, he's got a sign on his Tour Bus that says "Don't even think about Smoking in this Bus!" HA! HA!" My dad is crack in up now. M:"Dad, I hear there's no Love Scene-" HERM:"Yeah, well they're in Vegas, in a Big Casino- he tells the audience it's time for him to go, then he sings his Hit "My Love is Unconditional". He comes down off the stage and hugs her- there's no kissing you know- like I say, he's a Real Family Man, so that's believable, and then the credits roll." M:"So what would you say about the Movie overall? To sum things up?" HERM:"Well it reminded me of the time I went to see Willie (Nelson) in HONEYSUCLE ROSE in a small theatre in Allentown (PA) there was just me and three other people in the place! Most people thought of that film as a flop!" M:"Yeah! But you LOVED IT!" HERM:"Yes I did. Ha! Ha!, Well I guess I just hope he never loses sight of who he is- He's responsible for that Texas Swing Sound (in today's Country), and I would hate for Modern Country to have a negative effect on him." M:"AW DAD, You're Pure Country." THE END.

AT ONE POINT IN MY DAD'S LIFE THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE TOO HAD TO TAKE A FEW STEPS BACK AND REFLECT ON IT ALL... HE HAD A TICKET TO SEE GEORGE STRAIT AT THE BLOOMSBURG (PA) FAIR, AND EVEN THOUGH THE WEATHER WAS COLD, WET AND MISERABLE THAT

NIGHT, HERM SHAFFER GOT INTO HIS PICK-UP TRUCK AND DROVE THE TWO HOUR TRIP TO SEE THE SHOW. HE HADN'T THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT THE WEATHER- HAD TOO MUCH ON HIS MIND, SO HE ENDED UP WATCHING THE WHOLE AFFAIR WEARING NOTHING MORE THAN HIS SHIRT AND DENIM JACKET. GEORGE'S MUSIC PUT AN END TO ALL HIS TROUBLED THINKING (MOMENTARILY), AND HE ENJOYED THE SHOW MORE THAN ANY OTHER. THEN IT BECAME TIME FOR DAD TO HEAD HOME- MAN! WHAT A GREAT SHOW! HE HAD TO STOP FOR SOMETHING TO EAT AND A CUP OF COFFEE TO SHAKE THE WET AND CHILL- STOPPED AT A PANCAKE HOUSE. MY DAD WAS TELLING ME ABOUT HOW LONELY HE FELT- JUST SITTING THERE IN THE PANCAKE HOUSE TRYING TO DRY-UP A LITTLE, PUTTING AWAY THE COFFEE... WHEN HE HAPPENED IN ON A CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM; IT WAS A COWBOY WITH HIS BACK TO DAD, SIPPING A COFFEE AND TALKING WITH AN OH-SO-FAMILIAR VOICE. MY DAD JUST FELT MESMERIZED. HE KNEW IT WAS GEORGE. HE STAYED AS LONG AS HIS NERVES COULD BEAR, AND GOT UP TO LEAVE. HE WALKED PAST THE TABLE, LOOKED AT GEORGE AS HE PASSED (IT WAS NONOTHER!) AND COULDN'T SPEAK FOR HIS FIT OF NERVES. SO HE PAID HIS BILL, AND GEORGE STRAIT'S AND LEFT, FEELING LONELY NO MORE! THAT WAS HOW MY DAD MET HIS MUSICAL HERO FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. THE END.



When asked to expound on my fascination with Olivia Newton-John, I didn't know where to begin, nor where to end. I could probably write volumes about her filled with anecdotes and experiences regarding nearly every aspect of her life and career. Instead, what you have before you is a cross between a rambling, incomplete chronological diary entry and a term paper.

Olivia Newton-John's music, films, undeniable charm and whole persona have significantly enhanced my life. Really. The mere fact that she exists as a being aside from the above virtues, is in and of itself a virtue. How did I arrive at this point? Where did it all begin? At K-Mart, that's where...in the mid '70's, in K-Mart. Actually I had developed an appreciation for her earlier on, I remember reflecting poignantly on her song, "Have You Never Been Mellow," on a bus on the way home from picking strawberries as a youth for pocket change one summer. But it was one evening at the aforementioned department store with the big consonant in the title where I was enlightened. There I stood in the record section eyes fixated on the photo of Olivia on the back of her "Don't Stop Believing" album cover that had her reclined on a wooded rocking horse wearing a red velvet jumpsuit with a big zipper up the front looking tastefully alluring. Yes, while others my age clamored for puka shells at the blue light special, I stood entranced.

Fast forward a couple of years, sure I still enjoyed Olivia's music, even though I missed "Grease" when it first came out because some friends of my parents felt some parts were inappropriate, and I still had some dalliances with Olivia stuff here and there. I once turned every album of "Totally Hot" on a display at Raspberry Records around to exhibit the stunning photo on the back cover, later buying the album at a Safeway, my first of many, many ONJ purchases. Still my desire to be a hardcore fan didn't fully take hold until one hot evening in the summer of 1980. My friend Steve and I (Steve being an integral part of my ONJ journey)

decided to see "Xanadu" on its opening night...our lives have never been the same since! The theater was packed and we were so enthralled with the movie, er, with Olivia, we stayed for the second showing. We immediately bought the soundtrack and spent the rest of the summer going to see the movie. We both saw it 30 some odd times (before video) and quickly memorized nearly 100% of all the dialogue in the film. We were hooked, but these were merely the seeds of obsession for me.

My room quickly became a shrine to Olivia - posters, pins, magazine articles and lots and lots of music. My friend was equally nuts having spent hundreds of dollars on picture discs and the like. Life was good and I was infatuated with the Aussie singer; not carnally mind you but totally enamored and impassioned with everything she was involved with. She was a goddess with a voice of a songbird and the face of an angel...a beautiful angel. The epitome of female pulchritude. Of course the fact that she was very appealing to the eyes made it that much easier to be a fan. I must say that say that she transcends mere beauty, there's much more to it than that for the music soon became the soundtrack of my life and represented the moments in it most dear to me. With every listen memories past and present are evoked. It sounds corny but it's true. Although I have a very expansive collection of music, no other performer touches me the way she does. Very emotive to the mind, body and spirit.

A little more than a year after "Xanadu" came "Physical." The album, the single, the TV special, the Grammy for best video and subsequent tour. The song "Physical" soon became one of the biggest songs of the rock 'n' roll era, second only to Elvis Presley's "Don't Be Cruel"/"Hound

Dog," at the time, it didn't seem to matter that it was banned in parts of my hometown for what was then perceived as racy lyrics. It also became quickly associated with the burgeoning aerobics craze. Best of all, Olivia was set to film a concert for HBO and to my delight and bewilderment, our fair state of Utah was the chosen location. Ogden, Utah to be exact. Yippee! So many tickets were sold that an additional show was added. Steve and I, along with a bunch of rednecks, spent a sleepless night in the rain outside of Toad Tape waiting for them to go on sale.

Of course both shows were beyond unreal, we tape recorded one of them and someone we met there took dozens of photos which we made into duplicates (I later blew some up and framed them). Olivia's first night performance had her hitting the stage with a 100 plus temperature, nonetheless, she was amazing. Especially in the way she captivated the audience, with her vibrance, innocence, charm and of course engaging music, not to mention many costume changes and lots of smiles; for which we were glad we had binoculars even though we were already up close. There were many highlights not the least being when she looked right at me and me alone for one brief moment in the show. Eye to eye! Another highlight came when I walked halfway around the coliseum after the opening act to purposely get on camera and be interviewed by a roving HBO crew. Well I got interviewed, but unfortunately it ended up on the editing room floor as nothing but concert footage was seen in the cable special.

Oddly enough, what amazed my friend and I the most was that Olivia didn't sweat. Even thru a mini "Grease" stage show portion and the "Physical" romp complete with jump rope, and lots of dancing, not a drop of sweat, still fresh as a daisy. She is not of this world. A lowlight that left my friend and I dismayed was when they introduced Olivia's #1 fan at the show and it wasn't us. How could it have been anyone else? It was some guy name d "Louie," a walking ONJ billboard with an impressive amount of pins, homemade Olivia screen-print shirt, the whole works. Is he still even a fan today? I don't think so, I bet he moved on to the like of Madonna or Taylor Dayne, he's probably denigrated to Alanis Morissette at this point. Anyway, I guess there was more than a little



bit of envy in the fact that he'd been flown in from California, was put up in a hotel, and most importantly, was able to meet Olivia.

Of course we and throngs of others tried to meet her after the show to no avail. We later found out that a friend who worked at the venue she performed, had the opportunity to toss a Frisbee with Olivia earlier in the day during a sound check but didn't. We chastised him for his stupidity. Still another friend served room service to her and failed to get us any semblance of a memento - a pillowcase whence she placed her head would've been nice. We wanted to meet her period. We even called her father in Australia posing as music journalists wondering where we could get in touch with her or at least finagle her private phone number. We rode our bikes thru Malibu Canyon on vacation searching for her house; we visited her store Koala Blue on Melrose Avenue hoping to catch a glimpse. Nothing. Oh well, at least we had the music, the videos etc., they would have to suffice.

Fast forward to a mission I served for my church for a year and a half in Italy. "Two of a Kind" the movie and the soundtrack were released during this period and I was unable to see or hear either due to mission rules. I was, however, able to purchase several Olivia posters - one being a 6 ft. Poster of "Xanadu" that promptly was placed on the ceiling over my bed when I returned to the states, another was a wonderful massive "Two of a Kind" canvas movie poster tapestry of sorts that an alert fellow missionary was fortunate enough to retrieve from a worker in Florence who was replacing it from a street light where it hanged. What a score! The mission had not quelled my admiration for Olivia. When I returned home it was business as usual as far as being a fan was concerned; I eventually got married to a lovely woman, a woman who used to like Olivia herself until she learned I had such a deep affinity for her. Still she begrudgingly humors me here.

From the mid 80's on Olivia graced the charts with less frequency, her releases were still great but were further apart. She did however keep busy with a couple of made-for-TV Christmas movies (one was made fairly recently), continued appearing on talk shows often in support of environmental issues, did another excellent HBO special, made occasional performances on TV, guest shots



on series, fought a successful bout with breast cancer, dealt with the death of her father to cancer, and went through a separation with her husband.

Were in the present now and I find out that Olivia has a part in a film being shown at the Sundance Film Festival and it happens to be a world premiere in Park City, January 25, only 30 minutes from Salt Lake. Rumor was that some stars would appear. I called Steve and to say we were excited was an understatement. Could this be our epiphany? We had to brave one of the worst snow storms in recent memory and the trip was snowy, slick and slow getting there. I even had my doubts Olivia would be there due to in climate weather. But alas we made it and so did she. Meeting her was a life-altering mixture of nerves and complete elation that surpassed even my expectations. She was genuine, gracious and at 47 years of age, looked absolutely terrific - a camera doesn't do her justice but here's the photo from this fortunate encounter nonetheless. I'm still riding high from this event and have spent the past week trying to piece together the moments I spent in her presence. I wish the entire thing was on video for posterity.

I think the word "fan" comes from the word "fanatic," I guess I can be counted as one if that's the case. I'm not a stalker, I'm not obsessive to the point where I'm an endangerment to anybody, I respect and am concerned for her like a member of an extended family. Aside from saying I'm in complete awe of her, it's hard to explain. I'm sure some think the whole thing's silly and are embarrassed for me (I know my wife feels this way sometimes) but oh well. I definitely can't change nor do I want to unless it affects someone or something adversely. There hasn't really

been a downside except that my pursuit is likely perceived as juvenile by most people and my wife wonders when I'll grow out of it, even though she realizes Olivia's not a threat. The upside has been discussed throughout the body of this article and is immeasurable. Believe me there are more important things in my life, but this part seems to manifest itself in a more visible manner. At 32, it's somewhat odd to be enraptured by a performer to this degree I know, but I can't help it.

As far as diehard Olivia fans are concerned I'm sure there are some out there with more memorabilia than me, that have seen or met her more than me, have written her many times (I never have), or belong to a fan club (I currently don't), still I feel I'm one of, if not her biggest fan. My adoration sometimes has its hills and valleys and its intense moments or lack thereof, but one thing's a constant, it never goes away and I don't want it to. Bottom line is it's the music plain and simple.

I absolutely enjoy everything she's ever done, some more than others but I like them all just the same. Forget about the Grammys and other accolades, the sales, the chart achievements etc., in my opinion she is the finest female singer ever. It's a pity for those non-fans out there because they're probably only familiar with her hits; while they are obviously great, the deeper album cuts, B sides and hard-to-find material are arguably the best. If you haven't been initiated yet I encourage you to do so. Forget Patsy Cline, Barbara Streisand, Whitney Houston, Aretha Franklin, the great opera and gospel singers, or whomever you believe is the best, they don't hold a candle to her. Rank amateurs the lot of them! Okay, so I'm being a little facetious, but they don't come close in my book.

You know it's funny, I bump into people I went to high school with or knew in the past and they invariably remind me of how much I used to like Olivia Newton-John. I always respond with "Used to?!"

David M. Candland

WHEN HARRY

Roctober: Who is Lou Christie?

Harry Young (President, International Lou Christie Fan Club, publisher "Lightning Strikes", a bi-annual Lou Christie Fanzine, publicist, historian and liner note writer for various Lou Christie compilations and new releases): Lou Christie is a falsetto singer from the sixties. He had about five (5) million selling hits, including "Lightning Strikes", which was #1 in Chicago for the entire month of February, 1966 on WLS. He had "Two Faces Have I", which was #6 in 1963. He's famous also for "The Gypsy Cried". He had a song called "Beyond The Blue Horizon" in the Oscar winning movie "Rain Man" in 1989. He had a song called "Trapeze" in the twenty-something movie called "Before Sunrise" just last year. Generally, he's like the alternative Frankie Valli, you might say.

Roctober: What's the magic that draws you to him?

Harry: He's a hitmaker...he's an alternative adventurer...he does all styles of music-he does Gypsy music, he does pop music-yesterday I received a CD, a Russian conceptual poetry album that he worked on. He pushes the envelope to the max. He tours about 224 days a year right now, he puts out two or three albums a year. Sky's the limit.

Roctober: Tell us his history.

Harry: OK, Lou Christie-his real name is Lugee Alfredo Giovanni Sacco. He's part Polish. He's part Italian. He was born in Glenwillard, Pennsylvania, which is a suburb of Pittsburgh. He grew up in the Coraopolis area, and his songwriting mainly came about when he linked up, when he was fifteen years old, with a mysterious Gypsy woman who was twice his age, by the name of Twyla Herbert.

Roctober: Did he have a romantic relationship with Ms. Herbert?

Harry: No, Miss Herbert was married, but she was a musical mentor who taught him the ropes of the commercial business and acted, you might say, as a musical foil to his talent.

Roctober: He's a pretty hot performer, is that correct?

Harry: Very hot performer. Very hot producer. He's done voice over work. He's done jingles. Never made any movies where he was an actor, but he's done almost everything else.

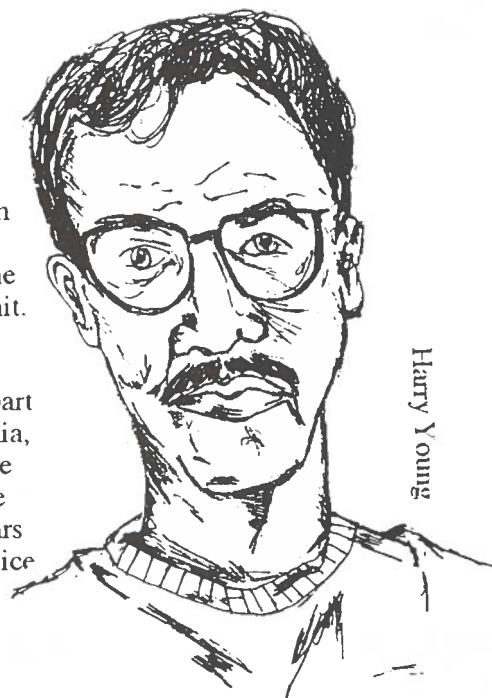
Roctober: When I say hot performer, I mean sexy...

Harry: He's noted for some pelvic gyrations, somewhat like Elvis Presley. When he was on The Joey Bishop Show he did get somewhat banned from the waist down. Even today when he cranks

out the heavy dancing women start screaming and pulling out their hair in the audience. Not only women over forty, but I've seen the sixteen year olds and the younger girls connect with "The Unbelievable Lightning."

**Roctober: He has power?
He has "Lightning
Power?"**

Harry: Uh...yes. Mega charisma. Mega lightning charisma.



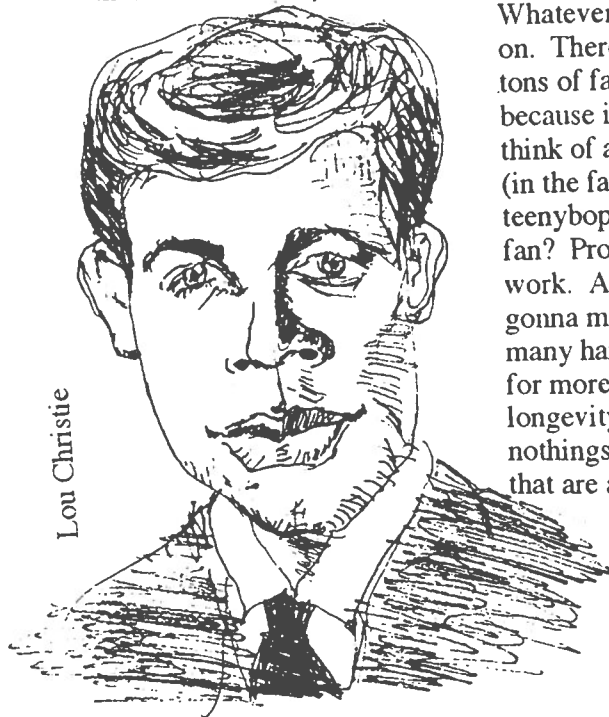
Harry Young

Roctober: You love this guy! Have you ever met him?

Harry: OK, well I studied Lou Christie about twenty years and then I met him finally in 1981 at a concert in Rockford, IL.

Roctober: Do you think meeting a fan as loyal as you he might be scared you'd be an obsessive stalker or something?

Harry: Well, I think anyone in show business has to be pretty careful. Early on I made friends with him and it was obvious I wasn't going to start following him around and going through his garbage to sell old coffee cups or something like that. Sure, he has to be careful. Especially with the women, I mean, he grew up from about the time he was eighteen with women hiding in the bushes outside his place or camping out outside his hotel room, stuff like that. But there was never a problem



Lou Christie

between him and me. My main thing is kind of a scholarly thing. I want to study the guy's music, I'm not really after a piece of the guys body or anything like that.

Roctober: You attended the University of Chicago, right? What did you study?

Harry: I studied ancient Egyptology. It's the same type of thing-getting all the facts and putting it all together in a meaningful way. Pop archeology is not so much different from ancient Egyptology.

Roctober: Elaborate.

Harry: It's kind of like hyroglyphics. You have to unlock the hidden meaning which is always going to be something beneath the surface that is not obvious.. On the surface people would say, "Lou Christie: Five million selling hits, that's all there is to it," but underneath the surface there bubbles an artist of unlimited depth, unlimited complexity and severe artistic magnitude.

Roctober: What's the nature of being the #1 fan of Lou Christie, as opposed to being the #1 fan of somebody like Prince or Madonna?

Harry: Well the thing is, you have to hear the call. Whatever does it for you is what's gonna turn you on. There's alot of things that go with this. I get tons of fan mail from, usually women, of all ages, because it's billed as a fan club, which most people think of as a teenybopper thing. I don't waste time (in the fanzine) with things like "What's Lou like?", teenybopper things. What's it all about to be the #1 fan? Probably a lot of responsibility and a lot of work. And with a guy like Prince, you're never gonna meet Prince if you're his #1 fan. he has so many handlers and stuff. Lou has been on the charts for more than thirty years, which is pretty good longevity when you look at some of these "know-nothings", or I should say, "flash in the pan" groups that are around today who have one or two hits and you never hear from them again.

Roctober: And also, there's probably always going to be a bigger Madonna fan, but you *are* the #1 Lou Christie fan.

Harry: Oh yeah. And it has a lot to do with record collecting, and record collectors are very competitive. Sure I got the Israeli picture sleeve for "She Sold Me Magic" a couple of weeks ago. I've got South American, Japanese, Peru, every continent except Antarctica. But being #1, the main thing is service. I serve the fans, I serve the artist.

Roctober: Tell us about visiting Lou's mother? How did you come to visit her?

Harry: Collecting material for the fanzine.

Roctober: She probably loves to have you come over and fawn over Lou.

MOET CHRISTIE

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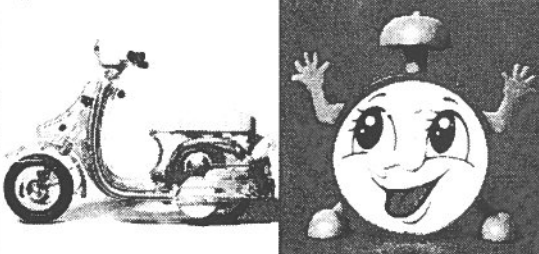
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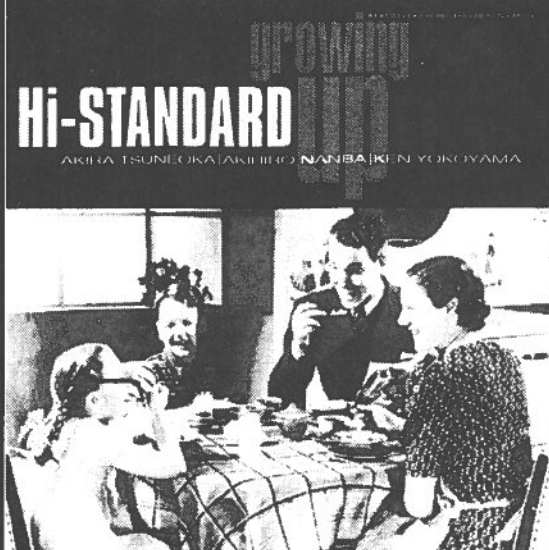
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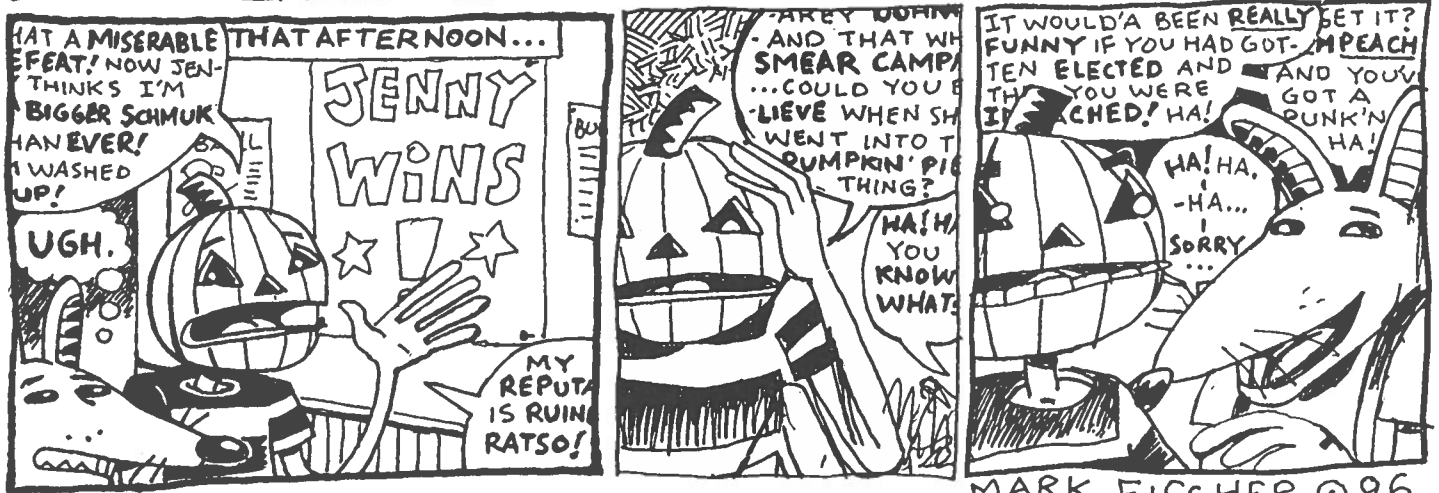


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« HOMMAGE À GAINSBOURG »

par DAVID GRUBBS



Some songs can cure you of waking to a clock radio. Some strike you as worse than any buzzer. Some songs make the most jarring buzzer brim by contrast with richly expressive, human content. I kicked the clock radio habit one morning upon hearing a cover of Serge Gainsbourg and Brigitte Bardot's "Bonnie and Clyde."

I was confused. Like other artists for whom English is not their first language, Gainsbourg has recorded multilingual versions of a song — he did so with "Bonnie and Clyde" in 1968. There are also two different studio recordings from the late '60s of his most famous song, "Je t'aime...Moi non plus." The 1969 duet version with his wife Jane Birkin (who had formerly been married to James Bond soundtrack composer John Barry) sold five million copies worldwide, and can easily be distinguished from the version with Brigitte Bardot, which was recorded the year before but not released until almost twenty years later. I prefer the Bardot version for its elegiac vice-squad siren string accompaniment and, impossible as it seems, even more insistently breathy character. But there can be a disorienting effect, akin to that felt by Name That Tune contestants, on hearing the opening chords of "Je t'aime": which version is this?

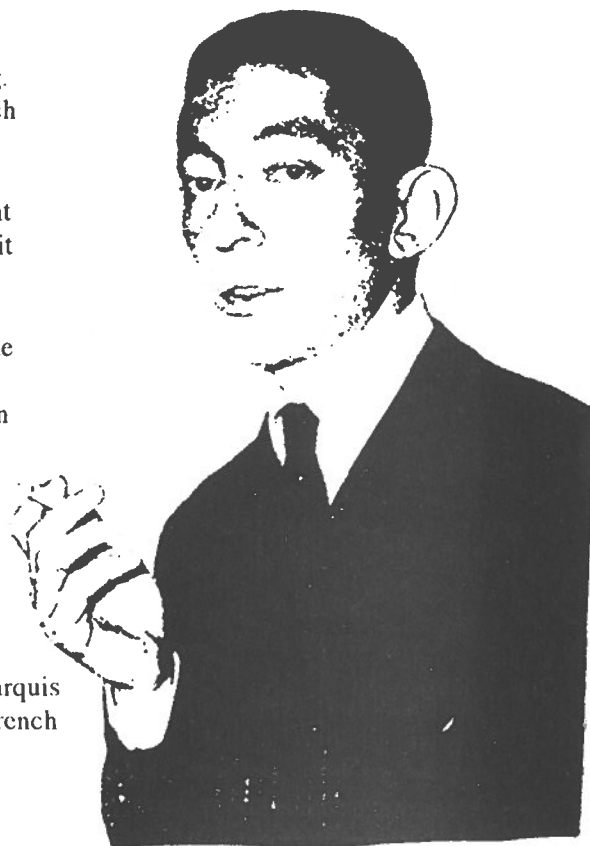
Such was the case on waking to this version of "Bonnie and Clyde." Serge's shaky English is one thing, but where's the need for this cover version with its shaky French? And a nondescript, alright, a *crummy* arrangement? Were they banking on the fact that no one in radio land had heard the original? Gainsbourg and Bardot's version is a gorgeously thick sound, with no particular climax (as opposed to, say "Je t'aime" or the return of the simulated orgasm in the 1971 "En Melody"). It keeps a steady gallop. The song is a uninterrupted pulse, a four-chord vamp whose cycle begins and ends each time with a ghostly whoop or shivering hiccup — it's not an easy sound to describe. The fact that the whoop-sound acts like a sample was not lost on French rapper M.C. Solar, who put it to similar use. The trade-off between male and female voices happens mid-line, making the song always ever more about balance and momentum. When the song ends, I prefer to start it over at the beginning. That's just how I usually listen to it. When I say that the trade-off between voices makes this song "about" something, this speaks equally to my involvement with the song and my grasp of French — which are, alas, anything but equal.

So, not listening with a French dictionary in hand, what do I know about Gainsbourg's songs? I know that he's my favorite French singer, that I get hooked on half-understood turns of phrase (you can hear him bending meanings right and left, I'm certain), that he's utterly cruel. Not "me too" but "Moi non plus" — "me neither." But also it never occurs to me to listen with a dictionary in hand, nor to consult one afterwards. I know that he was born Lucien Ginsburg. He's the man who shocked Whitney Houston by propositioning her on a French talk show ("I want to fuck you"; also memorably reminding her that *they* were not Reagan and Gorbachev), who recorded "Rock Around the Bunker," who dueted with his fourteen year-old daughter on "Lemon Incest," and who bought the original manuscript of the "Marseillaise" so as to have the rights to record it with Sly and Robbie (another number-one hit). I'd sure love to see the TV special with Brigitte Bardot — his '68 comeback.

Good luck searching for the records. Of the eternally pornographic late '60s / early '70s material, you're most likely to be blessed in finding "Je t'aime...Moi non plus" and "Histoire de Melody Nelson." Currently in print on CD is a nine-volume (also sold individually) collection, of which I strongly recommend volumes 2-5 (1961-1971) and, to a lesser extent, volume nine.

There were no shivering hiccups on the morning in question.

(Thanks to Rick Wojcik for supplying me with Momus's article, "Marquis de Sadness," which appeared in the July 15, 1989 *NME*, celebrating the French Bicentennial.)





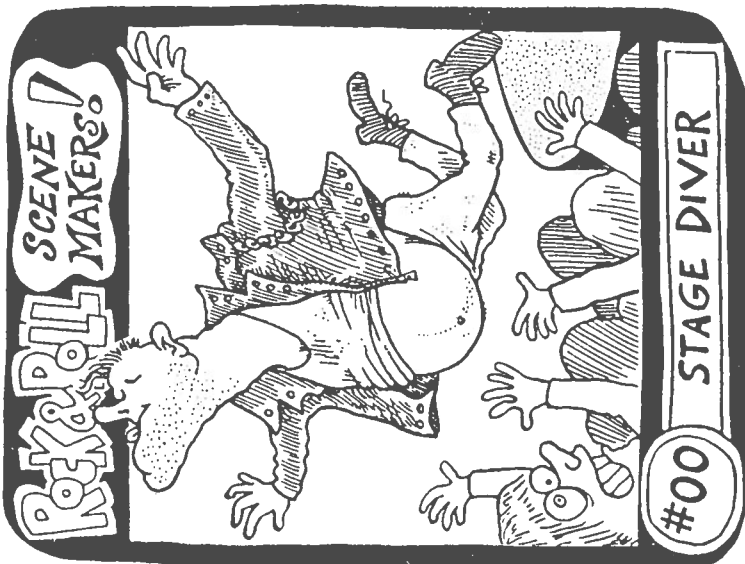
This page (clockwise from upper left): 1: Serge Gainsbourg as a cowboy circa 1962. 2: Classic Serge. Photo by Catherine Faux. 3: "Love On The Beat" LP cover, 1984. 4: Serge et Brigitte Bardot as "Bonnie and Clyde."



I KNOW SOMETHING
THAT'LL MAKE
YOU HAPPY,
Gen. Colin
Powell's NOT
GOING
TO RUN.

IF HE COMES THROUGH
WATTS HE WILL

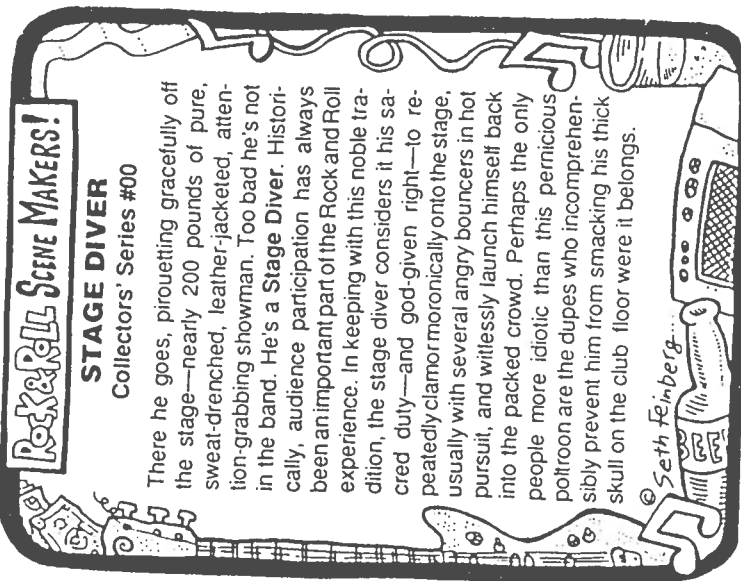
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Rock & Roll
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-Brian Ralph



OZZY LIES by Ed Graye

Ozzy! The ultimate Heavy Metal vocalist came out of hypothetical retirement last year with a new album, "Ozzmosis", and a tour. Though he's never touched the quality of the recorded material he did with Sabbath or on his early solo albums with Randy Rhodes on guitar, live on stage he still gave his loyal minions exactly what they wanted, Ozzy still Rules! But who is Ozzy Osbourne? Rather than profile him by rehashing "facts" you've seen a million times in print, I'd like to transcribe here some of the oral history of Ozz that's been floating around for years. Though most of these are probably lies, they are all genuine rumors, heard by my own ears! Without further ado, my four favorite Ozzy legends:

Various versions of what really happened in the freak plane crash that killed Rhodes circulated in the wake of the tragedy, but definitely the best one was the following: Ozzy was flying the plane, joy riding, whacked out of his head, and he crashed it into a bus Randy was sleeping in, then both the plane and the bus ended up in the pool where Randy drowned.

Someone at Concrete Management swore Ozzy and Randy were lovers. Of course this same person swore Robin Zander, Jon Bon Jovi, Joe Perry, Taylor Dayne, Debbie Harry, Sebastian Bach and Michael Munro were also gay.

From a guy who used to work in a studio where Ozzy recorded some vocals: "Ozzy was so fucked up he had to be carried around, but as soon as the recording started his voice was perfect, unbelievably good. No matter how fucked up he gets, he can always deliver."

This last one either happened in every high school in America or is a powerful urban legend, because at least twenty people have told me the identical story, and they all swear to have seen it: A stoner kid at school carves the Ozzy logo into his leg with a protractor (or pocket knife) deep enough that the scar lasts for years. The kick: Of course he does it upside down so he could read it.

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WANDA JACKSON INTERVIEW

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What Wanda Jackson represents to her fans goes beyond hit records. The fact that she embodied the true liberating spirit of early Rock'n'Roll was not lost on scores of female artists who took her example to heart. In an era when female performers fell prey to the trappings of compulsory restraint, Wanda's great Capitol Rockabilly sides (which

are so hot you need oven mitts to hold them!) burst through speakers like a thousand spirits of joy, set free from a latter day Pandora's Box.

Wanda Jackson IS the Queen Of Rock'n'Roll, no ifs, ands or buts about it. If ever there was a female counterpart to all the things that made Elvis great, it is she. As a groundbreaking song-stylist with a tremendous singing voice, and (I was getting to it) a drop-dead gorgeous looker, Ms. Jackson was in a class all her own. When Elvis himself said "You know Wanda, you should get in this Rock'n'Roll racket...I mean business," he couldn't have been making a better suggestion.

After cutting many fine Country sides for Decca, Wanda let

loose with a dazzling array of howls, shudders and screams (in tune of course) that probably blew the roof off of Capitol's studio. She was ably assisted by the great Ken Nelson, who simultaneously produced wild rockin' sides for Gene Vincent and Esquire while also working on classic Country with Hank Thompson, Merle Travis, Jimmy Bryant, Speedy West and dozens more. They struck paydirt with "Let's Have A Party", (recorded slightly earlier by Presley as "Party" in the film "Loving You"), which has been her theme song ever since.

While other great records followed, including some fine Country and Gospel work, "Party" was the call to arms for female singers who may have been hesitant to try their hand at a medium considered "unlady-like" by the masses. Wanda, of course, was able to demonstrate pride and power while still being very much the lady. This, combined with the strength of her repertoire, which includes such classics as "Fujiyama Mama", "Mean Mean Man", "Big Iron Skillet", "That Made Him Mad" and "The Box He Comes Home In", continue to delight and inspire new generations of fans.

One such example is the also lovely and talented Rosie Flores, who credits Wanda as her primary inspiration, and who features Wanda (and the great Janis Martin) on her new Hightone release "Rockabilly Filly". A tour featuring Rosie, Wanda and an ace Rockabilly band crossed the country late last year, and the crowds were dazzled by Rosie's fiery lead guitar and of course, by Wanda...still beautiful, still full of style and grace and still rocking down the house and having a great time to boot. My friend, Pope Coleman, summed it up when he called me at nine in the morning on the Saturday after the first stop on the tour, knowingly waking me up to say, "The Queen lives! Long live The Queen!" I concur, the crown is hers. When I asked Rosie what this whole thing has meant to her, I knew exactly what the answer would be, because it summed up my feelings about having the opportunity to interview her. "It's a dream come true."

John: First, I'd like to say it's great to have you here, Wanda. I've been getting phone calls from friends all over the country saying, "Hey, guess





Rosie Flores, the author and Wanda

what? Wanda Jackson's going to be playing here!"

Wanda: Well, how about that!

John: There's a buzz all over the country...

Wanda: Well, it's my first time to make a Rockabilly tour across the whole United States, so I guess it is kind of news-worthy....

John: Yes, absolutely! But, most importantly, is it exciting for you?

Wanda: Oh, certainly it is! I didn't realize how many true Rockabilly fans there were here in America. I knew it was very big in Europe, I've been working over there for twelve years...

John: Well, you know how it is with music like this. It seems to be at a lull for a while, and then it starts to pick up, and it's picking up now.

Wanda: Right, different generations come along, and discover the music, I think. They don't like their generation's music, so they find some that they do like!

John: (Laughs) Yeah, and hopefully bring it into our generation, because I think you've been an inspiration to a lot of younger female performers, AND male performers, too.

Wanda: Right, I've learned of several as I meet them. Rosie Flores, definitely, and Pam Tillis, I was on her show recently.

John: Yes, I saw it in fact.

Wanda: And Tanya Tucker, she said that Elvis and I, both, were inspirations to her life. So, it's nice to know that you've inspired someone to do their life's work.

John: Right. I believe you have, and will continue to.

Wanda: I hope so. Getting comments like that from even the young people at the shows who probably aren't singers, the girls who just tell me that I'm an inspiration to them, for one reason or another. So, I hope it's for good!

John: It is, you've definitely always projected a positive image.

Wanda: Thank you.

John: It seems that, early on, after you'd done all these country recordings, which I like a lot, too, and Elvis suggested you try your hand at Rock n' Roll, you came up with a different kind of vocal style that I can't compare to anyone else.

Wanda: Well, I guess that's true, though I didn't know it at the time (laughs). As I go back and listen, the other girls weren't singing quite like I was.

John: No, and neither were a lot of the men! You were just singing then as you felt it.

Wanda: Right, I was a teenager then, this was my generation's music, it was what I danced to on dates. I loved it. I really probably found my real niche right there. But, let me go back a little ways, and tell you how "Let's Have A Party" happened. I'd been working with Elvis, but I just recorded Country, so he, definitely, like you said, encouraged me to try it, but I didn't, right then. It took me a while to WANT to do it. I enjoyed listening to it, but I didn't think I could do it. I changed record labels, from Decca to Capitol, and then, in 1957, Capitol released my first album. I had eleven country songs and I needed one more song to fill out the album, and we couldn't think of what to put on there. I'd been opening shows with this song, "Let's Have A Party." I had my own band at the time. We traveled, worked dances, club dates, military bases, and I'd open shows with that song. It was a popular song with the public, the people liked it. So I said,

"Why don't we just put this on there to fill out the album?" So, actually, a couple of years later, it was 1959. I think I recorded it in 1957. It was in '59 when it took off. There's a real unusual story to that, too. A disc jockey in Iowa began playing it for the theme song for his radio program. He began getting so many requests for it, people wanted to know where they could get copies of it. He got in touch with Capitol and said, "You've got a hit on your hands. You should pull it out of that album!" So that's what they did. I had already kind of given up hope of getting in the "Rock" market, and then it happened! It was my first international hit. So that's why in Europe, Asia, and places like that, they think of me as more of a "Rockabilly" or "Rock" singer more so than Country.

John: Right, but before "Let's Have A Party" became a hit, did Capitol try to steer you in a particular direction, or did they say, "Do the pop stuff, do the Country and the rockin' stuff, and we'll go with whatever works."?

Wanda: Yeah, they let me do whatever I wanted to. I just worked with one producer at that time.

John: Ken Nelson.

Wanda: Ken Nelson. And we would just get our heads together and plan it. But we didn't really know what direction to take. I wanted to do ALL kinds of music. I didn't ever want to be pigeon-holed as "Country" or as anything. I just wanted to do all of it. So what we started doing was, one of my first songs on Capitol was called, "I Gotta Know."

John: Right.

Wanda: It started off with a Country lick, and then it goes off into the rock stuff. I did a couple of those, we'd release a single with a Country song on one side, and a rock thing on the flipside. So they didn't really know what to do with me (laughs). You know, no one steered people's careers in those days, I don't think, like they do today. It was just kind of hit and miss, kind of pull you by the seat of your pants! (Both laugh)

John: Was Roy Clark playing with you then, or did he come later?

Wanda: Well, when I first began working at the Golden Nugget in Las Vegas, I had worked at the Showboat for a couple of years with various bands. But the Nugget wanted me to come in as a headliner, and I had to put my own band together. We had to work five back-to-back shows, forty-five minutes on, fifteen minutes off. That's just an awful lot of singing. None of the other guys in the band really sang, so that's when I brought Roy Clark in. I'd worked with him on the East coast, and remembered that he was a great entertainer and guitar player. So he joined my band, The Partytimers,



then, which worked real good for my needs at the time. He was with me for about nine months. Capitol records saw him there, and our opening, and Ken Nelson signed him later. So, he's kind of my protégé. I'm glad that I could showcase him, so that he could get his break.

John: When you were on TV shows like "Ranch Party," most of which were aimed at the southern market, were you having any national chart success?

Wanda: Yes, well, we used to have "regional" hits. You could have a hit in California that no one had heard of in Oklahoma.

John: "Ranch Party" seemed like such a lively atmosphere to work in.

Wanda: It was. Of course, I had been doing the nation's first network country music TV show, the Red Foley show, it was called "Ozark Jubilee" and later, "Jubilee U.S.A.," which is referred to as "The Red Foley Show". I was with them for five years. On that show, I did country and some rock, too, whatever record I had out at the time, I'd sing that. So, television wasn't really new to me. I enjoyed doing "Ranch Party." I like all the people on it. It seemed kind of strange to me, at the time, though (both laugh).

But, it was a popular show, and I knew everyone on it, so it was always fun to do. I have some of the old videos of my performances on it.

John: Yes, so have I!

Wanda: You do, too? (laughs)

John: I have one of you. I don't know what it's from, of you singing, "Let's Have A Party" with Glen Campbell on guitar.

Wanda: I think that was called "Star Route."

John: Right. I've got some episodes of that show on video, too...

Wanda: Yeah, Glen Campbell was playing guitar...

John: Yeah, Glen Campbell was in the house band (and a slightly older Collins Kids were regulars — John).

Wanda: And they had me sitting on a stool and everything! (laughs) It was kind of funny, trying to sing "Let's Have A Party" like that. I wasn't

out there just by myself, floating around. But, Hank is still a very good friend of ours.

John: He lives in Dallas now, doesn't he?

Wanda: Just outside of Ft. Worth. Roanoke.

John: I heard he still plays in Dallas occasionally, I saw him on TNN recently, too. He looked great, sounded great.

Wanda: Right! He had his seventieth birthday this year, and he's in very good health.

John: That's great, that's really good to hear.

Wanda: We just came from Nashville. I did some clubs, Rosie and me, we also did the Ralph Emery show, and the first of November, before our tour started, we did "Music City Tonight", and I had a reception from The country Music Hall of Fame, where I donated to them one of my original guitars and one of my beaded outfits, so I could have a window display at the Hall of Fame. (Your already in that other one in our hearts-John) That was exciting.

John: That is exciting. When you started working on the album with Rosie, were you talking already about starting a tour, or did it just come about?



Wanda: No, that just kind of happened. It seems like the good things that have happened in my career are things that you don't try to plan and push, and make it happen, it just seems to happen. Our songs, come off very well, Rosie and I were real happy with them.

John: I agree.

Wanda: Thank you! I just commented to her that if I could help her out in any way in promotion, I could come to the coast, set a couple of dates, and we could go around to record stores, get on radio programs, and just help her promote her new project...And, so the record company and the booking some things, and then word got out, and other places were calling, they said, Hey, we could take you on a long tour! We got excited about it, and all this was put together while my husband and I were in Denmark. So, it happened pretty fast, but, it is causing a lot of stir, which thrills me that people still remember the

songs.

John: Oh, of course.

Wanda: The young people at the shows are all singing them right along with me, so I know that they have the records, they're bringing 'em out for me to sign.

John: That's got to be a great feeling.

Wanda: It really is, to see that this kind of music is still so popular. You must be a Rockabilly fan, too!

John: Oh, yeah, in a big way.

Wanda: Well, good!

John: I actually found out about you through other female singers that were doing your material, and I began to investigate. At the time, we're talking early '80s, a lot of your stuff wasn't readily available, even the old Capitol recordings. It's easier to find now.

Wanda: Yeah, but I have the box set out now.

John: Which I have!

Wanda: You have that?

John: Yeah, it's great!

comfortable with that. That's what we called the "Hollywood production." It would take them three days to tape a thirty minute show, and you just got so worn out, you did it however they wanted, just to get it over with (laughs). You got tired of fighting 'em.

John: When you started, with Hank Thompson, were you thinking in terms of just having a straight "Country" career?

Wanda: Oh, you know Hank was my favorite singer... He had always been, and still is one of my very favorites. He was living in Oklahoma City at that time, and had heard my radio program. I was still in high school, and he invited me to sing with his band. He worked there on Saturday nights, once or twice a month, so, I was very thrilled to get to sing with him and the Brazos Valley Boys. And then, when I graduated from high school, I already had a couple of Country hits that had dented the charts.

John: "You Can't Have My Love," things like that...

Wanda: Yeah, that was the first one, and there were some others that did pretty well. I toured a little with Hank, just doing straight country. Later on, I toured with Elvis. My daddy toured with me, until the time I was married, and then my husband toured with me, so I was never

Wanda: Bear Family did a wonderful job on it!

John: They really did!

Wanda: That's caused a lot of stir, brought my name back up, with collectors . . . Rounder released those recordings I did in the '80s in Sweden, and then Rhino put out "Rockin' in the Country" when the Country on one side, and Rockabilly on the other.

John: I know that in places like England and Scandinavia, places like that, people were already very aware of the music and the people who are still around, playing it.

Wanda: Right, and they have the original people . . . I've toured with Carl Perkins and Sleepy LaBeef, and people like that, since the late 80's.

John: Sleepy was here several years ago. He plays here a lot, but he was talking about doing some shows with you, and with Carl. That was the first I'd heard of you playing out again, and then I'd read about how well you were doing in Europe and Japan, but I'm so glad to see that you're doing so well back home.

Wanda: Thank you. I am, too. It's nice to be remembered at home, too! (laughs)

John: As I think you pointed out before, I think you represented something, and your music represented something that was a positive inspiration to a lot of young women, in terms of being assertive, and being your own person, without stepping on anyone else's feet. That's my take on it.

Wanda: Right. Well, I think that's a good way to say it. They say "you were . . ." I hate to say it, "a woman's libber!" (both laugh) I don't go along with all that stuff, but my songs kind of made it look that way. Like I was out doing my own thing (laughs).

John: If you'd care to reflect on that, it seems like there were tunes that played kind of 50/50 where, "He does this, but I'll do THIS," and later on there were songs like "The Box That It Came In" that didn't pull any punches.

Wanda: (laughs) Yeah! That's right! "This Gun Don't Care Who It Shoots"!

John: Yeah! That's a favorite of mine,

too, "This Gun Don't Care." I LOVE that stuff!

Wanda: I thought it was a very cute song. I just picked them out because I liked them. I wasn't trying to make any statements.

John: Oh, no, no. They're just fun songs. They don't have to be taken so literally by people.

Wanda: Way, way back I was doing songs like "Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad!" It was cute.

John: Did you feel that people might have got the wrong idea about where you stood from songs like that?

Wanda: No, I don't think I gave it that much thought, to tell you the truth.

John: Yeah, because, to me, they're just good-natured tunes.

Wanda: Right. There wasn't so many ISSUES like there are today. It was a simpler time. You could hear a song, and if you didn't like it, well, you didn't listen to it. You didn't go out and cause a big row about it. But, we didn't have all the media that we do today.

John: But, like with "Fujiyama Mama", you'll have to refresh my memory, but wasn't that a tune from the forties that you heard later on a jukebox? Who did that originally?

Wanda: I don't know what year it was from, I heard it in high school-I

think it was more of the Black group sound, before Motown, more "Blues". (Jeff Tamarkins' feature on Wanda in Goldmine credits Annisteen Allen with doing the original-John) It was really done differently from how I did it.

John: Oh, yeah, of course. But that's a favorite with most people, it's a prime example of that "Howling and Growling" vocal style.

Wanda: It's a great rock song.

John: It is!

Wanda: We still do it in our show.

John: Oh yeah. And you really put your stamp on it. Did you have any favorite singers in the field that might have influenced you to that degree when you did songs like "Party" and "Fujiyama Mama"?

Wanda: I liked Little Richard!

John: I knew you were going to say that!

Wanda: He flavored my style, and Elvis. I loved Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis...not only were they personal friends. I didn't know Little Richard, but the others, but I really was a fan of theirs. I loved their

singing, I had their records.

John: Yeah, it was an exciting time...

Wanda: It was a more innocent time too.

John: Yeah, that's true. But I think younger people are attracted to that innocence.

Wanda: Oh, absolutely. That's why I believe the pockets of Rock & Roll, Rockabilly, I mean, scenes today are kids wanting this for their lives. They're dressing like in the 50's when they come out to the shows, and many of them have vintage cars. We have two photos that we're selling, we have a vintage 1956 and we have a current one, and the vintage ones outsell the current ones ten to one!

John: I think there's enough interest, even among people a little of my age bracket, now.

Wanda: What age are you?

John: I'm 31.

Wanda: Same age as my son!

John: Yeah! I've been a fan of this music since I was in high school, but a lot of it wasn't as accessible as it is now. It was out there, but you had to dig. You still have to dig! But I'm finding a lot more of your original 45's, and there's a lot of fun to be had there.

Wanda: Finding them is a challenge! It's a good hobby.

John: And the music has a warmth and honesty that appeals to people today.

Wanda: There's a simplicity to it. I really appreciate people like Rosie coming out and saying I've inspired them. It would be nice to say that I planned all of this, that this was exactly what I'd planned, but it was just one of those things that happened.

John: But, I think that's even better, to be able to say that you didn't have a plan...

Wanda: Well, I didn't really have a plan. I just wanted a hit (laughs). I knew that.

John: I think that's better. Look at any art form that stands the test of time: movies, I guess. A lot of people who had the greatest



Wanda and the Party Timers



ideas didn't really labor for hours and days and months and years on them like they do today.

Wanda: No.

John: They didn't just put tons of money into these things like they do today.

Wanda: Mm-hm. They would just burst, these ideas . . .

John: Even somebody like Capitol in the day, as big of a company as they were, and still are. Whatever moneys went into making a Wanda Jackson record or a Gene Vincent or Buck Owens record . . . you can't buy that sound.

Wanda: No.

John: And, I think Ken Nelson, really, was just a genius.

Wanda: He really was. He let the artists have a lot of leeway. He knew how to draw the very best out of the artist without ever

making you mad or upsetting you. He could get what he wanted from you with just his easygoing style. I learned so much about recording and about singing on records from Ken Nelson.

John: Is he still alive?

Wanda: Yes, uh-huh. I still correspond with him.

John: Good. That's great.

Wanda: In fact, we talked with him when we worked the House of Blues in Hollywood. He wanted to come out, but he doesn't drive at night, and he didn't have anyone to bring him.

John: Well, that's great that you touched base with him. He's responsible for so many great records, and, as I say, you can't buy that sound. You've just got to have good minds working at it.

Wanda: That's right. I want to see him get into the Country Music Hall of Fame. I can't understand why he isn't yet.

John: Yeah, I can't understand that either.

Wanda: Well, they don't think about the West Coast people. The Nashville clan, you can't hardly break that barrier. I know Rosie lived in Nashville for a while, tried to make something happen, or just be available, and she finally went back to California. Jan Brown did the same thing. They're both great entertainers and performers, but the weren't both in the little Nashville . . .

John: Clique.

Wanda: Clique. I mean, those are wonderful people. They're nice, and I don't think they realize what they do (laughs), but they do make it harder for outsiders to get in. I would just record wherever my tour was gonna take me. If I needed to record, I'd head to the coast or Nashville, one or the other.

John: Speaking of recordings, are you going to be doing any new recordings of your own anytime soon?

Wanda: Well, I was gonna tell you, we do have a new one. It's not available in America, we don't have a distribution company or a label yet, but in Denmark, at the first of the year, I recorded with a group called the Alligators. So it's a fresh, new Rockabilly sound, and on it, it's a CD, we have some songs, of course, that are standards that they wanted on there. And I do a Tanya Tucker song called, "Highway 101," and I did a Jimmie Rodgers. It's just a real good mixture of my

whole career as a singer.

John: So, in the near future, there may be a US release too?

Wanda: Well, it's available. We're not knocking down doors, but if it happens, that would be good.

(Note: I'm not sure if this album is the same as the Success label CD/cassette sold at her shows, as it lacks the Tanya Tucker song mentions, but it sounds great, and features strong remakes of several of our gals' best songs, as well as the Jimmie Rodgers classic "blue Yodel No. 6")

It's been released and published in Sweden, but so far not in America. So, maybe tours like this, and getting things in the paper and magazines like you're doing, will get that some attention and maybe it'll help.

John: Oh, yeah, I hope it will. I have a good feeling that it will. I wouldn't worry too much about it (laughs).

Wanda: Oh, I'm not (both laugh).

John: I didn't think so!

Wanda: Well, I'm going to need to be going, and get some dinner, and get ready for the show tonight.

John: OK, well, Wanda, it's been a pleasure, and I thank you again.

Wanda: You betcha, John!



Though you may have trouble finding them, here are some of Wanda's best Capitol records to look out for:

"Rock With Wanda"-1960, "There's A Party Goin' On"-1961

"Two Sides Of Wanda"-1964, "Wanda Jackson sings Country Blues" - 1966, "Praise The Lord" - 1972, "Greatest Hits" - 1979

Somewhat easier to find should be the Bear Family Box set, discussed in the article (Bear Family Records Eduard-Grunow-Str. 12 2800 Bremen West Germany 0421/788874) Bear also put out a great LP called "Early Wanda Jackson". In 1990 Rhino (1201 Olympic Blvd. Santa Monica, CA 90404) released the Wanda compilation "Rockin' The Country". For information about new Wanda releases write to Wanda Jackson Enterprises POBox 891498, Oklahoma City, OK 73189-1498.

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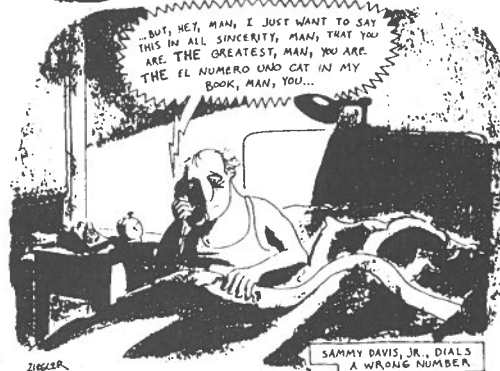
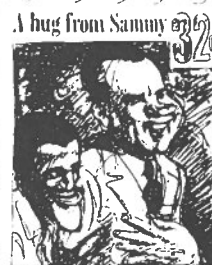
by Jake Austen

Sammy On Hee Haw (syndicated, 1983) In support of his C&W album "Closest of Friends" Sammy made an appearance on one of the few shows he missed guesting on in the 70's. Appearing in a sharp Western style tux with cowboy boots, a bolero tie and apropos jewelry, Samala does a few of his new songs solo and a few with the Hee Haw gang. Of course he gets to appear in the cornfield in overalls, a straw hat and diamonds to crack corny one-liners with Granpa Jones, a buxom nurse and Maynard, and he gets to sing the "Where oh Where Are You Tonight" Hee Haw song that ends with the singers giving a raspberry. ("you met another and *PLTHH* you were gone"). Certainly SDJ on Hee Haw is one of the televisioniest moments in television history.

Sammy Davis, Jr. Jumps with Joya Sherrill (1957, Design) **Spotlight on Sammy Davis, Jr.** (Design 1962) These are both the same album, but each practices a different deception. The former's title and cover (with Sammy in his stocking feet leaping over Joya) suggests duets, though actually Sammy sings four solo and Joya sings six by her lonesome, with no collaborations. I bet the photo's doctored too. Conversely, the latter's title and funky sixties design and photo suggest a solo LP. Joya's name also appears on the cover, but 1400% smaller than Sammy's. As far as content, Sammy's OK, but the songs aren't that great and the best he does is pull off some Harry Connick-esque generic crooning. It's still a good slab, though, because Joya's lovely voice gets shots at some classics ("Lush Life", "Between The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea") and she really delivers.

The Very Best of the Ed Sullivan Show: The Greatest Entertainers (1992 Buena Vista Video) Of this several-volume Best Of Sullivan set, you'd be correct in guessing that this is the tape with Mr. Entertainment, Sammy Davis, Jr., on it. Unfortunately, he's so synonymous with dynamic entertainment that instead of featuring an entire appearance, as was the case with other artists on this compilation, his segment is used at the end to sum up the whole shebang. We see the first minute of a very young (1955), eye-patched Sammy, dressed in a t-shirt singing "That's Entertainment". The audio keeps up, but instead of Samala we see a montage of extraordinary Sullivan show performances by artists ranging from Tom Jones to Phyllis Diller to Jackie Wilson to Topo Gigio. Then instead of cutting back to Sammy for the big ending we're treated to a parade of bizarre handshakes between Ed and Ike Turner, Richard Pryor, Jack Benny, Elvis, The Beatles and more! All told, not the most satisfying Sammy viewing, but a good video. In addition to a wide range of entertainers, you also get to see clips of jugglers, acrobats and the post-vaudeville weirdness that lost a home when MTV replaced the variety show.

Here's Johnny-Magic Moments from the Tonight Show (1974, Casablanca) This two album set commemorating Johnny's 25th year in the chair, like the Sullivan video, uses Sammy as the ultimate entertainer and showstopper to wind the whole thing up. It's Sammy's MGM period so he does "Singing In The Rain", which he was really tearing up at the time. What I always liked best on this album when I was a kid was Jay "Tonto" Silverheels' bit and the George Carlin monologue. Now I like the Ike and Tina, Billie Holiday and Lenny Bruce numbers. The most interesting Sammy thing on this is that they want to shake it up a little and not end the LP or a straight song, so after Sammy finishes they edit in an incoherent Buddy Hackett joke and then they reprise the Sammy vocal for a few seconds. It's good to note that Johnny Carson might have been fairly unfunny and pretty much geared towards old ladies, but hearing this really makes it clear that even at his weakest he kicked Jay Leno's ass up and down Burbank boulevard.



Wayne's World 2 (1993, Paramount) **Sammy SNL skit** (NBC, 1991) It's amazing that Lorne Michaels, a man who can't put the ingredients for a three minute TV sketch together to save his life, is spewing out feature films. If you were really wasted this might not be the worst film ever, but it does contain the worst Sammy impersonation ever, by perennial least funny Saturday Night Live performer Tim Meadows, perhaps the least talented entertainer of African American descent in history. Meadows also played Sammy on a skit where Phil Hartman as Sinatra tries to put the moves on him. Hilarious, huh. In the film, Wayne meets this faux-Sammy during a metaphysical encounter with Jim Morrison's ghost. Now on the subject of impersonators, when they finally do the Sammy bio-flick (and according to some of the Dino obits, there are several films in the works that may feature an actor as Sammy) clearly none of the film actors who have impersonated him yet should play him. If it's not Kenny Davis, who played Sammy here

in a recent play, I have a radical suggestion: Prince! Think about it, same size, he's got the talent, he could do the voice and the moves, he needs to make a bold career move soon...think about it! A little foundation on the face...money in the bank!

"The Summit", on Frank Sinatra-A Man And His Music (1965 Reprise) This strange Sinatra career overview contains songs, movie dialogue snippets, and a Vegas bit with Frank, Dino and Sammy. To segue into it, Sinatra (who narrates the entire 2 record set) explains that even though they all live in LA, to see his pals "I have to jet me up to Crapsville." I guess when he gets there he immediately hits the stage to engage in some pretty weak jokes. With Dino it's one drunk joke after another, but with Sammy it's all these Black and Jew cracks that seem so strange because, seriously, am I supposed to believe Sinatra and the Vegas audience are so morally advanced that they're above race and the problems of this country. At one point Dino calls Sammy "Boy". I always feel sorry for Sammy when I see Rat pack bits, cause it must have sucked to be him, and despite his blind love for Sinatra, the vocal limitations of the rest of the bunch really held Sammy back as a singer. Of course w/o Ol' Blue Eyes, ol' one eye might never have made it, so I guess this was payback.

Sammy cartoons in the New Yorker-The two reprinted here just go to show that the highbrow liked to get laughs at Sammy's expense. The gag strip is from 1977 and the other is from a 1995 proposed joke Nixon stamp set. Sammy was pretty sensitive about this stuff, and even reproduced a cartoon that made fun of him in his third autobiography.

Golden Boy, the book of the musical (1965 Athenaeum, paperback 1966 Bantam) - Not getting into the play or the soundtrack at this point, let me just describe the paperback that went along with them. In a preface William Gibson explains how Clifford Odets, who wrote the original "Golden Boy" died before any actual work was done on this musical updating, and we read how the play sucked so bad when previews started that Gibson was brought in for a complete script overhaul with only weeks before the real opening. He wouldn't have taken on this undertaking, but when he "listened to Sammy's passionate tongue, which talked Clifford's language, (he) saw (he) was in the presence of another fast wit and incisive mind, and an ego whose thousand-horsepower drive was in this hour of history married to the collective ego of twenty million Americans in their assault on the old order for an honorable place within it." Well, from that line you can guess how the play reads, especially when you consider how hokey and hackish it was to begin with. Odets was no genius to start with. On the up side, there's some great pictures from the play printed, one with Sammy sharing stage with Jeanette (Ja'net) "Willona" DuBois and Johnny "Buffalo Butt" Brown, who both later were in the "Good Times" TV show. Final note: This play represents yet another Elvis/Sammy parallel, as Odets scripted the King's "Wild In The Country" movie.

MASKED ROCK AND ROLL UPDATE!



the impotent sea snakes-after years of tours the Gay Gwar, the Ultra Dolls, the Queens of Drag-sleaze, have finally released an album, "God Save The Queens, appropriately on Masquerade Records. Is it good? Well, when it cums to acts with big gimmicks and elaborate stage shows I try not to judge them by their recorded stuff, but if you like costumed porno rock, you might take a bite at these snakes

(R.) On the sleeve of a 1970 LP that accompanied

the Groovie Goolies cartoon, a monster version of of The Archies, no musicians were listed but the photos

and text implied that they actually had a performing group dress as Frankie, Drac and Wolfie! It's a good album with great production occasionally adding pretty psychotic, if not horrific, elements to the straightforward Bubblegum songs.



CDM-Oakland based group plays, usually without permission, at various venues, providing an audience "exorcism", burning and breaking everything they can in about 5 minutes, and closing their short set with "Feel Like Making Love."

(R.) LA based Ollin play a politicized mix of punk rock, rancheras, cumbias and jarochas music.



MIDGET ROCK UPDATE

Duke Mason-The 4 foot tall Elvis impersonator from Joplin, MO becomes a giant on stage!



THE BOMBORAS!



Note the very Roctoher-esque disguises worn for a (R)october show at Spaceland out West last year!

The Forked Hunts-Clown makeup and dog collars with protruding six inch nails adorn this Nottingham band who sing about killing Tories. Hear their record on the Helen of Oi label or write them c/o Alan Allsop 34 Barnes Cres. Sutton in Ashfield, Notts NG17 5BL



FORK HUNTS

the Primate 5



A mini interview with The Primate 5, a monkey masked Garage combo from out west (answers and questions provided by the P5):

Q: Why are you guys called the Primate 5, when there are only four of you?

A: The other guy is in France, working on a super secret scientific experiment.

Q: Why are your songs so short?

A: We have short attention spans.

Q: Why are your songs so fast?

A: We are genetically programmed to do everything at a faster, and more productive tempo.

Q: Is it really hot on stage, being covered in fur and all?

A: Of course, but we're doing it for the kids. One must suffer for rock n' roll.

Q: Why are many of your songs instrumentals?

A: We have a limited command of your earth languages.

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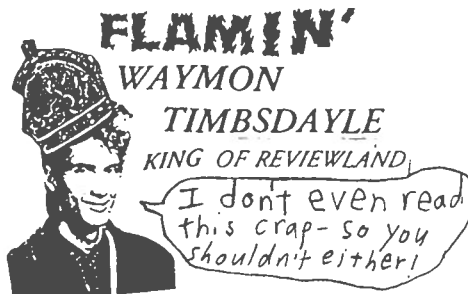
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Acetone "If You Only Knew" (Vernon Yard) Some boring songs and some good songs.

Achtung Chicago! Drei (Underdog 2252 N. Elston Ave. 2nd Fl. Chicago IL 60614) For a comp, this is a pretty solid hunk of cheese. Most of the songs range from good to really good, including winners by Pinwheel, Apostles on Strike, Geezers, Tricky Dick and a few more. Thankfully Poppiness and Ska are represented sparingly. Ist sehr gut.

Accustomed To Nothing (New Red Archives) Better than nothing. Really!

The Affected "Mind" b/w "No One Else" (1+2/Rubber) These blasts of raw Garage with a bit of psyche guitar affected me! They've got me looking for some loving!

Air Biscuit "Big Jesus" b/w "Lock and Load" (Honey POB 141199-672 Dallas, TX 75214) Sinister sounds. Texans and guns-the peanut butter and jelly of lethality.

American Soul Spiders "Anyway Anygirl" b/w "Now I'm Alone" (Get Hip POB 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317) This was the group that died so Teenegenerate could live, and to be honest I treasure my ASS records even more than my (784) Teenegenerate singles. The raw Detroit via Japan madness is even sicker on these early records. A great release for Get Hip.

Ammon!a "Mint 400" (Epic) Aussie Power Indie(esque) Pop that may not have the cleansing power of Mr. Clean, but at least it's fumes are pretty innocuous.

Apemen "Survival of De Onbeschofste" (Nitro c/o Kris Teruuresteweg 1H 1820 Perk Belgium) Yeah, the Apemen. Elegant, flexible, better than the rest. That is, if you consider a gorilla stomping up and down on Samsouite luggage elegant. I think the Apemen drummer does, 'cause he sounds like that gorilla when he plays, earning Waymon's MVP award!

Apples In Stereo "Fun Trick Noisemaker" (Spinart POB 1798 NYC 10156) It'll be the apple of your ear! Indie pop with as much Barrett as Big Star.

Ash "Trailer" (Reprise) A nice mix of kick-ash rockin-isms featuring unusual changes and decision making.

Ashley Standing demo (2512 W. Leland #1 Chicago IL 60625) Ashley's compositions combine mystic romanticism with sleazy eroticism in these electronic lovmaking soundtracks.

Ashley Von Hurter and the Haters 10" (Over The Counter POBox 35 Prov RI 02901) Easily the best record ever made.

A Slice Of Lemon (Lookout/Kill Rock Stars) Huge comp with too much to even describe. Best stuff: Rickets, Bomb Bassets, MrTX, The Crumbs, Black Fork, Third Sex and Gashley Snub. The other 33 (!) cuts aint to shabby either.

Atomic Boy "Sonic Cocktail" (Victory) Slick LA Clash/Husker inspired Poppunk. The best thing about this is that they sound old. Not like this sounds like an old record, but like the band members sound like old guys who play pro riffs and have been around long enough so that they don't believe there's a possibility of original punk rock being made.

Automatic 7 (BYO POB 67A64 LA, CA 90067) I always support the Better Youth Organization- I mean, who doesn't want better youth?-but I think they're missing the boat here. Sure, this is a good, solid pop/punk record, but it doesn't capture what really made Youth Brigade (the label founders and cornerstone, who are mentioned several times in the A7 bio) magical-it's not Jewish enough! BYO should go all Jew-Core. It'd work!

Backstage Pass/Epitath zines (50 West Delhi Rd. Ann Arbor, MI 48103-1814) Metal minded reviews and interviews by and for those not ashamed to bang heads publicly. And they were even bold enough to admit liking the new Warrant.

Backwater "Supercool" b/w "Phew" (Che) Art school badass music.

Bad Religion "all ages" (Epitath) This greatest hits collection brings to mind interesting thoughts about Epitath. While I like that they're an indie doing great, that they put out Wayne Kramer, that their bands are treated well and that they have good art design (and the designers get paid), their biggest weakness seems to be that a Bad Religion guy started the label, and he likes the way his band sounds. Though SoCal hardcore is a sound I could do without, of all the bands that sound like Bad Religion, this is the best one. So if you like them, get this.

Ballbuster Hard Music Report (\$2, POB 58368 Louisville, KY 40268-0368) Finally-a balls to the wall, no surrender, full on view of ass kicking rock by those who know!

Barbecue Bob and the Spareribs "Side Order" (DaDa POB 112 New Brunswick, NJ 08903-0112) Sticky, sweet and generous with the liquid smoke! If you like the Blues, and you like eating, you'll love these slabs.

Bear "Bug" (Che) If Papa Bear Halas knew some ladee dadee ethereal English band was using a variation on the name of the greatest football franchise to ever don cleats, he'd roll over in his grave (he's buried under the Soldier Field 50 yard line, ya know) By the way, "Bear", that's American football!

Beatrice Nine "Little Stars Hung Upside Down" (Zero Hour) Yahoo, mo' of that naval gazin' regulation alterna-rock shit, just perfect to read Spin magazine by.

Bellatrix "Stranger Tales" (Bad Taste POB 148428 Chi IL 60614) This is an ok sounding album, but the fact that this band looks like an episode of Models, Inc 90210 makes me believe the marketing of these Keflavikian cuties may not be rooted in musical integrity. Nice rock violin and Icelandic vocal screeching however.

Belltower "Underwatertown" b/w "Orbit" (Scratchie 1914 N. Milwaukee Chi 60647) Kind of annoying, but not all that bad.

Big Ass Truck (Upstart POB 44-14-18 W. Sommerville MA 02144) Pseudo mellow BBQ with undercooked slabs of various Memphis historical meat, seasoned with humor, but far from a meal.

Big Ass Truck "Kent" (Upstart) What, are they trying to set the world's record for follow up album? More of the same, but with a groovier execution of historical buffet picking.

Bikini Kill "I Like Fucking" b/w "I Hate Danger" (KRS) BK goes Metal with crunching riffs and hott lixx. No danger of hating, I fucking like!

Blast Off Country Style "In My Arms" ep (Teenbeat) Like a Phil Spector girl group, minus the Wall of Sound, extreme pop sensibility and production values!

Bloodlet "Eclectic" (Victory) Semi scary serving of Metallic hardcore. When the gap between H/C bands and Metal bands started closing in the mid 80's I was kinda disappointed, but the Florida bands (like Bloodlet) were either so spooky or bizarre I always accepted it from them.

Bloodloss "Live My Way" (Reprise) I'm at a loss. At best this is great off kilter sax driven Garage romps. At worst it's saxy, "mature" alternative artrock. If Sinatra were alive today he wouldn't want this on his label.

Bonepony "Stomp Revival (Capitol) The combination of clean good looks and H.O.R.D.E./Deadhead appeal should bring these young men much success.

Jed Bonniwell "yeah!" (Magellan POB 590725 SF, CA 94159-0725) Jed's CD has a lot more texture and is far more ambitious than his single, so if you're into rockin SF singer songwriter types, you might just say "Yeah!"

Bosley "My Heroines" b/w "What About Me" (Clamarama POBox 422 Allston, MA 02134) Catchy head-bobby stuff.

Bouncing Souls "Maniacal Laughter", "Johnny X" ep (BYO) Everybody loves Oi style anthems, and "Here We Go" gets a gold star! Humor, hooks and willingness to actually say "Oi Oi Oi" bounce this combo into the winners circle.

Boyracer "West Riding House" b/w "Boyfriends" (Zero Hour) Rex would like this more than Speed. Dale Earnhardt would hate it.

Bracket "For Those About To Mack" (Fat) I declare here that the granddaddy of all humorous East Bay style pop punk is the song "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport".

Branch Manager (Dischord 3819 Beecher St WDC 20007) Diverse, cerebral PoMo punk sounds to confuse and astound. Well, mostly to confuse.

Bunny Rabbit zine (\$2, 51 McDougal St. Box 319 NYC 10012) While often a personal zine will make the reader feel a genuine connection with the writer, few do it with the clarity of words, images and sounds (a tape of the author singing AC/DC, Motorhead, Black Flag and her own tunes is included...I swear it fits in) and I highly recommend this.

Bush League All Stars "Old Numbers" (Pop Narcotic 1085 Commonwealth Ave #339 Boston MA 02215) Not the band, the ex prez or the beer that share the name Bus(c)h are in these country popsters league. An enjoyable midwestern song album.

Bush Tetras "Boom In The Night" (ROIR) Bush Tetras put out singles and no albums, so they were a group you heard about or read about in rock mags (usually describing shows) so I never heard most of these tunes before this reissue, and let me tell you, I'm very excited spinning this! These gals (and guy) may just be the best white funky hipster band to come around since the 70's ended. Unlike the Talking Heads, this stuff is a lot less arty and

is more straight forward Dance-rock. Great lyrics, too, especially "Too Many Creeps."

Capsize 7 "Mephisto" (Caroline) This may be good if you like Chapel Hill scene stuff or everything on Caroline, but I don't have much tolerance for this right now.

Cashiers du Cinemart zine (\$2, POB 2401 Riverview, MI 48192) Flick-fan zine with fantastic scope; from indie trash movies all the way to mainstream trash movies! Good layout, not too much cut and paste, just enough to stay interesting, and the writing is full of mucho engaging ephemera.

Chainsaw Kittens "Candy For You" ep (Scratchie) You'd think with a name like that this band would in some way invoke violence or sexiness or something worthwhile in their music, wouldn't you?

James Chance and the Contortions "lost chance" (ROIR) Every city may have had a Johnny Vomit in the punk days and there were a lot of other Johnnys (Johnny Diesel, Johnny Rotton etc.) but at least they were all different people. All the white soul James Records (James Chance, James Black, James White) were this one guy! I've seen ROIR tapes of this sax blowing Soulmart live in France and NYC, and I'm really excited to hear a Chicago set helping to kick off the ROIR transition to CD. As far as white Soul Honkers and Shouters go, James Whatever may not have had the voice of a Wayne Cochran (or the disingenuity of a Jon Spencer) and he may not have been the all time best sax player (though it could be argued he was the best straightforward avant-garde R&B sax frontman), but there is something this dude could not be beat at, and that's what makes his live albums worth listening to; no matter what James Brown groove or nutty Jazz/Soul tune he was belting out, James always sounded like he meant it! You can't beat sincerity, and a decade-plus later, after so many doses of irony and whatnot via The Beastie Boys and crew, you probably won't hear something like this done with sincerity again.

Channel Zero (Metal Blade) Belgians waffling in a post industrial post grunge post good-Metal style.

Chavez "Pentagram Ring" (matador) Made my ears ring like a Whittaker punch.

Check Please "Live Sound" (No Labels Please) Every trick in the Indie book makes an appearance on this cassette, and most of them work. From old school Chicago style to almost country stuff, all bases are covered and a good time is had by all.

Chisel "8 AM All Day" (Gem Blandstien Records 305 Haywood Dr. Paramus, NJ 07652) I've heard good things about this band from DC folk, and I'm not disappointed! They've chiseled into my limestone heart.

Chomp "It's Arizona" b/w "her first shooting star" (zero hour) They slip some catchiness into a light and fluffy batter. Much better than Stomp.

Chrome Cranks "Lost Time Blues" (PCP POB 1689 NYC 10009) The Cranks ooze into the realm of The Beasts of Bourbon/spooky, slow Cramps stuff, and they just keep on creepin'! I used to think of them as overrated, but I like them more after hearing this than I did before.

Chrome Cranks "Stuck In A Cave" b/w "The Slider" (Demolition Derby-same address as Nitro) I think they're overrated again.

Cinema Beer Goggles video (Hopeless) Video comp of contemp-punk bands, and every one (except for the el cheapo Euro-band Funeral Oration) cost more than the entire Youth Brigade/Social Distortion tour documentary, but they're still fun to watch, and add an element of personality to some pretty homogenous pop punk bands. I liked Face To Face, The Goops, Bollweevils (all Chi-scenery) and 10 Foot Pole the most.

Citizens Utility "Spool" b/w "Colombine" (Reservation Records POBox 7374 Athens GA 30604) It's quirksome, and it's deep. What more could you want.

Cobra Verde "Vintage Crime" (Scat) "One Step Away From Myself" b/w "Everything To You" (Sub Pop) "Leather" b/w "The Story I Can Tell" (Scat) This band combines a good Rock n Roll thang with some kind of an intelligent, lyric/feel that I want to associate with 70's No Wave/Pere Ubu/Whatever, even though it seems pathetic to have to go back decades to find quality non-dumb rockin' out. Scat 7" is the best of the bunch.

Cocknoose/Buzzerusher split 7" (Baloney Shrapnel POB 6504 Phoenix, AZ 85005) Gunrock/scumrock manifestoes that entertain and frighten simultaneously.

Cocktails "The Cocktails" (Carrot Top 2438 N. Lincoln Ave. 3rd fl. Chicago IL 60614) As you probably know this is their posthumous swan song, and you know what? Good move. This is way too mature a work for them to have done anything else. I think we've got enough "maturity" out there already.

Combine "presents the History of American Rock & Roll" (Caroline 114 W. 26th st. nyc 10001) Historical as it is hysterical! If you lost an arm in this combine...you could drum for Def Leppard!

Cowslingers "Old One Eye" b/w "Heyday" (Demolition Derby) Country swingers reminiscent of the days when Shel Silverstein was writing C&W lyrics.

Creepy Mike's Omnibus Of Fun zine (\$2 POB 983 Buffalo NY 14213-0983) Clowncentric comix-and-zine review-zine with nutty-question interviews with comix luminaries.

Crisis "Deathshead Extermination" (Metal Blade) These grim, harsh and nasty Metal merchants manage to avoid the trappings of mediocrity that most of their contemporaries don't. Oh mighty Crisis!

Criswell "Someone Walked Over My Grave" b/w Paul Marco as Kelton The Cop "Home On The Strange" (Dionysus POBox 1975 Burbank CA 91507) Plan 9 may have failed but plan 10 is in full effect with this flying platter! Conquering earth through song, this actually features a legit previously unreleased Criswell song.

Crutch "Sold By Weight" (Bong Load) I'd like to get off this crutch.

Cyko Miko "Lost My Brain (Once Again)" (Epic) Mike from Suicidal Tendencies returns to his old school funny punky ways. I guess he realized he'd never be the next Ozzy.

Dart "36 cents an hour" (Che POB 653 London e18 2nx) Silky, foggy bounces.

Dead Guy "Fixation On A Coworker (Victory) The new lineup is more dead (as in Death music, not Grateful) and more Guy (as in manly). Wouldn't make you snipe, but might make you burn something.

Decoryah "Wisdom Floats" (Metal Blade) A work of genius from start to Finish.

Demolition Doll Rods "Spoiled Kitty" b/w "Walkin' The Dog" (In The Red 2627 E. Strong Pl. Anaheim, CA 92806) You wanted the best-you got best! The hottest band in the land! They're the Doll Rods! Demolition Doll Rods!

Diesel Boy "Strap On Seven Inch" ep (Fat) I always like records where punks make fun of punks for being so ridiculous, as these folks do on "Punk 101." It's certainly no "Punk-arama" (Meatmen), but it'll do.

Disarray "Widespread Human Disaster" (Inner V.O.I.D. POBox 975 Dickson, TN 37055) Usually it's super tacky to quote from press kits, but my words couldn't sum this up better; "Tracks lie 'Powered By Hate', 'Agony' and 'Death Plague Jesus' prove that Disarray is truly the best metal band to emerge from the southeast in ages."

Devin Hill "Way Out Lane" (Big Deal POB #2072 Peter Snyvesant Station NYC 10009-9998) If I in any way liked bittersweet pop/singer songwriter stuff, I might like this.

Diesalhed "Tales Of The Brown Dragon" (Amarillo POB 24433 SF, CA 94124) If Diesalhed went on Hee Haw, they might just make Roy and Buck become a little more reflective. They might really make them think.

Dork comix (Slave Labor Graphics) Evan Dorkin's "Milk and Cheese" characters don't move me, but his satire and stories are much funnier. And though comic book/sci fi geeks are an easy target, I never tire of reading stories that ridicule and degrade them!

DOT DOT DOT "The Soundtrack Album The Dot Dot Dot Story" (turkey) rumor has it that Weasel Walter says this is the best Chicago record ever, and he might be right.

Do The Pop! zine (\$3? 1011 Boren Ave suite 114 Seattle, WA 98104-1300) Alan and Lisa, who put out the all time best new garage band zine, Cryptic Tymes, turn their wayback machine on and research 70's punk, pop and garage acts with a vengeance. You don't have to be nostalgic to dig this stuff, just a music lover, history buff or people person, as these stories are all fascinating. Do it!

Drags "Dragsploitation...now!" (estrus) "Well Worth Talking About" b/w "Roslyn" (Rat City 9014 45th Ave SW #20 Seattle, WA 98126) If you're trying to describe this whole "Garage" thing to the uninitiated, The Drags sum the whole thing up better than anybody. Basically, when you listen to them, it's hard to understand why anyone would try to play any other kind of music.

Dragstrip Riot zine (c/o Allen Watermelon Box 52147 Gameau P.O. 8210 109 St. Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2T5) Read all about your fave Garage lunatics in interviews, reviews and general seedy coverage on pages covered with motor oil and Canadian bacon grease.

Drill Kitty "drowning lessons" b/w "skip" (Sonic Blue POB 1798 NYC 10156-1798) Somewhere between a dentist's Drill and a Kitty's purr.

Driver Eight (Tooth and Nail POB 12698 Seattle WA 98111-4698) Drove me to tears...of boredom.

Dub Narcotic Sound System "Ridin Shotgun (K) The reason Calvin's funky dance records function (i.e. make you dance) is that Dub Narcotic doesn't try to inject funkiness into Rock or

Rockiness into funk (two of the most heinous audial crimes) and rather, they are content trying to be the PAC NORTH Meters.

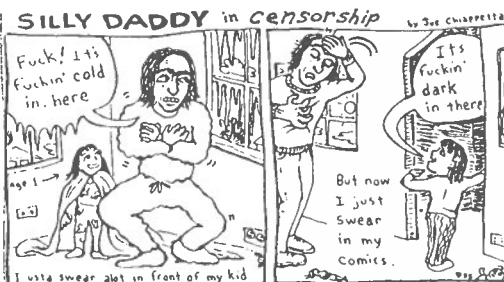
Duelling Firemen! soundtrack/Boredoms (EZ Prey, call 312-225-1211) This 7" soundtrack for the legendary, semi-hypothetical video game rumoured to feature Rudy Ray Moore, Mark Mothersbaugh, The Church of the Subgenius, David Yow (who's featured on this) and Steve Albini amongst others, will make you feel like playing Tron at a discotheque! You'll dance... and you'll twitch. Bonus: The Boredoms do their best Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders (or perhaps Luv-a-Bulls) impersonation.

The Eat "Hieeah" ep (POB 816326 Hollywood, FL 33081) The Eat, a 70's FL punk combo who still play together even though they are now middle aged wage slave losers, or at least that's what the look in their eyes on the current foto says. They also sum this up perfectly with the lyric "I used to take LSD and smoke joints, now I take LSU in late points." Well, these guys are punker than corporatepunk teens any day and my 7" even came with a washed up baseball player's card.

Echobelly "On" (SSO/Sony) Finally the current wave of Brit imports has produced a beautiful voiced leading lady for 14 year old boys (and girls) to fall in love with the way we old folks did with BowWowWow, X Ray Spex and The Slits.

Eggplant "Some Things Are Meant To Be Thrown Away" ep (Pop Narcotic) This label has put out some pretty aesthetic 45's, and this eggplant colored one lives up to the rep. However, the songs have far more gusto and soul than most indie pop, and this definitely transcends mere artifact existence.

88 Fingers Louie "Behind Bars" (Hopeless 15910 Ventura Blvd. 11th Fl. Encino, CA 91436-2804) Not my favorites, but definitely the fastest popular pop punks, so you gotta give them some proper pub.



The Elevator Drops "Lennon's Dead" b/w "Strange" (219 Broadway #231 Laguna Beach, CA 92651) The anti-"Free As A Bird."

Emily's Sassy Lime "Scared But Social" (KRS) My girlfriend thought a better name would be Emily's Dick-in-in. This is right up the Kill Rock Stars alley, with a few nice touches, including youth and CB radio quality vocal recording.

Electric Frankenstein "New Rage" b/w "Home Of The Brave" (Exit 25 Guion St. Pleasantville, NY 10570) "The Time Is Now" (Nitro) This'll turn Frankenberg cereal into mush! The power going into those neck bolts must be AC/DC! Ever since seeing the singer's tremendous schmeener in the "Sleazefest" video I have nothing but awe-fuck respect for this band.

ESP minicomic (Beth Johnson 1644 Monroe St. NW WDC 20010) Beautiful Buzzcockian ephemera.

The Evil Hoodoo "Arly! Go Away!" ep (Get Hip) Excuse me while I dance. OK I'm back. Best Japanese organ-fueled American fuzz rock 45 ever!

Exploding Nimoy demo (c/o Doug Macorinn 647 Speed Ave Victoria BC V8Z 1A5 Canada) I expected this Canadian import to be funny, but I was surprised how punk it was, and not that poppy shit either. If you're In Search Of Canuck Rock, direct your pointy ears in this direction

Famous Last Words "From The National Desk..." (Posh Boy POB 4474 Palm Desert CA 92261) I guess their famous last words were, "Gee, this Sex Pistols LP is pretty good, huh?"

Fifi and The Mach III "1976" CD, "1976" b/w "Land Of 1,000 Punk Dances" (1+2) "Heaven Only Knows" plus 3 (Get Hip) If all of the current Rock star heroin consumption has you jonesing for a time travel trip back to the good ol' days of Junkie Business, hop on this Japanese monorail. MVP Award: Tsukasa, the guitarist, who jumpstarts both sides of the "1976" single. It's gonna sound great on my quad jukebox (when I get me one!)

The First Bubble Core Records Sampler (Bubblecore 250 Milton Rd. Rye, NY 10580) A grab bag of melodious pop and aural weirdness that ranges in interest peaking from the Battle of the Band winner Hey Stellar, to a few tracks that made me wish I was listening to bubble wrap pop.

Fishermen's Stew "letter to Norway" (DaDa) This record reminds me of Michael J. Fox singing "You Got No Place To Go" to Joan Jett's illegitimate son in the movie "Light of Day".

Fitz of Depression "seemingly vague" b/w "Too Ripe" (KRS) If the depression fits, don't change it. I love it!

500 Miles To Glory-The Gearhead Compilation (Red Devil POBox 347376 SF, CA 94134) If to you being in the pit means motor oil on your jumpsuit (rather than a 14 year old Rancid fan's elbow in your ear) then let this take a few laps around your music machine. All time champs Girl Trouble, Lord High Fixers and the Drags are in the race, so expect a nailbiter!

Don Fleming "Because Tomorrow Comes" (Instant Mayhem/Caroline) Freaky stuff. If you consider Fleming overrated this will confirm it for you, but if you think he's a musical genius, this will also confirm that for you, I'm sure.

Fleming and John "Delusions Of Grandeur" (Universal Records) Direct to Alternative Format Radio tunes with super slick production and the kind of female vox that's moving alot of units these days, if you know what I mean.

Flowchart "Multi Personality Tabletop Vacation" (Carrottop 2438 N. Lincoln 3rd Fl. Chi IL 60614) For our more patriotic listeners who enjoy Stereolab texture, but would rather buy American, I assure this model is top of the line. In fact it's American flavor excels where foreign models don't. So go...with the Flow!

Food Shopping On An Empty Stomach comp and zine (\$3, Dizzy Records 30-28 34th st. #4G Astoria, NY 11103) Extremely enjoyable cassette of budgetcore bands who don't sound like every other band on the so called punk comps I've been getting lately. I liked the band Trixie Belden, Girl Detective best. Great cassette only bonus track too!

For Squirrels "Example" (SSO/Sony) This is the 3rd major label release I've received this year with a press kit explaining that one or all members of the band are dead. I guess they're trying to cash in on the Cobain angle, minus the music, which in this case is a hippy-ish early REM thing. If they had only had a talentless fat white harmonica player they mighta had a hit.

Frances Gumm "Subtraction" (Won't Go Flat POB 379463 Chicago, IL 60637) Like their namesake, this band conjures up imagery of both magical lands, and drunken binges.

Frogs "Here Comes Santa's Pussy" ep (Matador) With every new release the Frogs sound more like Kermit the Frog.

Fulflej "the microwave ep" (Scratchie) Somebody heard this band and liked them enough to pay to put out their cd and I don't understand why.

Funeral Oration (Hopeless Records) Funeral? This Nederlandic Pop-core is all the way live!

The Gamma Men "Less Is More" (1+2) These Greeks could rock any Fiat I pledged! Drive fast and fight!

Gas Money "Gatlin Gun Blues" b/w "Somethin' For Nothin'" (POBox 4572 Trenton, NJ 08611) Trashy Country too down to earth American to be tagged "insurgent." Made me wish I had a long neck in my hand and cheatin' on my mind.

The Gathering (Century Media) Music for a progressive Medieval Tymes dinner theatre.

Giants and Little People-in Fact and Fiction zine (\$1, 75 Hale St., apt. 1 Beverly, MA 01905) Never has a zine title been more explanatory. Bob is fascinated with really small and really big people, and I highly recommend you get this.

Glazed Baby/Horsey split (w. Get Off My Wagon zine, a print, a sticker and more!) (Imminent Rock POB 16041 Oakland, CA 94610) Too much! A treat and a half.

G. Love and Special Sauce "Coast To Coast Motel" (Epic/Okeh) I'm not sure what I think about ambient music. I dug KLF's "Chill Out" as a bizarre sample of background sounds, but I'm totally left dissatisfied by the non-engagedness of ambient funk, ambient dance(?) and now, with this, ambient Blues. That may not be how this album's supposed to be seen, but as I hear it, approaching Blues from a textural standpoint rather than as a song based medium creates incidental music, which can perhaps enhance a mood, but certainly can't express the Blues, or engage this listener.

glo-worm "travelogue" ep (KJ) Pretty stuff, but a little to airy, like a piece of cake so light you can't quite taste it.

Gob "too late...no friends" (Mint #699-810 West B'way Vancouver, BC Canada V5Z 4C9) These gob-damn kids float out of the tight, snotty vocaled powerpop logjam by throwing a few rubber spiders in the buttermilk, like Spaniels-esque backing vocals, a kazoo number and some of the dumbest lyrics ever.

God "Appeal To human Greed" (Big Cat POBox 3074 London W4 4Z N) Background music for a more high drama situation than I ever hope to be in.

The Go Nuts "The Donut Prince And The Pauper" (Planet Hipp 1800 Market St. #45 SF, CA 94102) The Go Nuts meet Wall of Sound production! This sounds like a Phil Spector AC/DC record on Sony! But don't let the multi million dollar production values fool ya, they're still the same snack rock

warriors they ever was and these two songs promote the snacking agenda more than Carmie Wilson's show!

GoToHells "Demolition" (Stiff Pole POB 20721 St. Pete FL 33742) Not surprising that a label based in the winter home of the circus would put out a record by these diesel punk clowns. This definitely has its moments.

The Great Brain Demo (POB 5467 Evanston, IL 60204) Alt-Rock that moves me no mountains, but it does have some of the most twisted guitar work since Ike Turner fronted the Kings of Rhythm in the fifties. Nice abacus on the cover.

Grotus "Handjob" (London) Groan-us. If I went to clubs where they played this stuff I probably would ingest cocaine at suicidal levels.

Guilt "Bardstown Ugly Box" (Victory) The singer should feel guilty for opening his mouth.

Gutfiddle "Tomorrow in the Eye" ep (Stiff Pole) Like Marvin said, "Gut to give it up".

GWAR "Ragnarok" (Metal Blade) Better than Green Jelly any fucking day of the week. While this doesn't have the advantages the first LP had (apocalyptic jokes are funnier on a shoestring I believe) I've gotta give the Antarcitians credit for recording A CD full of audio jokes, parodies and satire, rather than just recording music that wouldn't work without their elaborate stageshow.

Halo Benders "Don't Tell Me Now" (K) The best band to ever be arrested on a "Cops" knockoff tv show does the best thing a band can do-hat a song with the same name as the band name! Nuff said, 4 stars.

Neil Hamburger "Bartender, The Laughs On Me" (Planet Pimp 1800 Market St. #45 SF, CA 94102) In this fucked up world we're living in, sometimes laughter is the only thing we can turn to. Thank the sweet lord in almighty heaven...for Neil Hamburger.

Hamell On Trial "Big As Life" (Mercury) I usually hate those who walk in the shoes of Dylan, Guthrie and Guthrie, jr., but I didn't hate this, so that's something. I guess.

Hammerhead "Duh, The Big City" (Am Rep) Through innovation and intellect this band avoids typical "heavy" sounds. And being good

Heroine "Virtual Mortality" (Masquerade) An attempt at pre-80's glam style that doesn't hit any nails on the head exactly, but aims for so many that it didn't have a fair shot. Some amusing hard riffs, guest raps by Ike (Black Moses, that is, not Tina's ex), some ambient-almost moody stuff and other weirdness..

Hi Standard "We're Not Shonen Knife" (Fat) The third cut is definitely a Flash Gordon soundtrack tribute!

Hi Standard "growing up" It's hard to believe that the Japanese would fall for that "pop punk" thing that the kids like these days, but they did.

The Hitmen "Look Back" ep (Rocco POBox 14781 Chicago IL 60614-0781) Definitely the punkrock rookies of the year in Chicagoland!

Home Alive benefit compilation (Epic) This massive comp to raise funds and awareness about combating violence against women, specifically street violence, gathers scores of Seattle scenemakers and Uber-femmes in what may turn out to be one of the most interesting projects of it's kind yet. By weaving some of the unit-movers (Pearl Jam, Nirvana, Soundgarden) into a pretty coarse tapestry of spoken word, po-mo feminism and rock songs that say "fuck" alot, this is definitely the most "authentic" underground type recording that alot of mainstream kids might pick up. As far as it's quality, I never expected to own anything with a Pearl Jam song (even if it is a Sound of Philadelphia cover), but strong work by Jello, Fastbacks, Supersuckers and Rocktober fave Joan Jett, as well as alot of poets and rockers I never heard of before, make me far less reluctant to have some Vedder in my home. The lowest point of this whole thing, though, is an "ironic" poorly sung rendition of Billie Holiday's "My Man", a song whose statements of abuse could not possibly be strengthened from the straightforward original.

hmmmm zine (\$1.40 16th st. #2 Bellingham, WA 98215) Nice read from the land of Estrus that thankfully respects the fact that while Garage/Surf/Trash may be one of the finest forms of music, it's actually ok to listen to and enjoy other stuff.

Holiday Flyer "Try Not To Worry" (Silver Girl POBox 161024 SD, CA 161024) Bro and Sis act with pretty vocals that sound sorta like if Madonna was an indie chick who could sing better.

Holy Titlamps zine (\$3, Larry Bob Box 590488 SF, CA 94159-0488) Exceptional Queer writing, comics, research and interviews often offering gay perspectives on aspects of pop culture where one might not have thought to look.

Hooch "Maximum Shindig" (Futurist 6 Greene St. 2nd Fl. NYC 10015) It's a quirky circus that seems to have more to do with washing a handful of pills down with smart drinks than in consuming traditional hooch, per se.

Hooker "Clean For You" (Sweet Pea POB 408967 Chi IL 60640) You'll fall for this odd bird- line, sink and hooker!

Humble Gods (Futurist 6 Greene St. 2nd Fl. NYC 10013) They've got plenty to be humble about. All the SoCal buttons are pushed but the results are pretty mechanical.

The Humpers "Sarcasmotron" b/w "My Game" (1+2) Humps in the bumps, baby.

The Hypnomen "The Urge" ep (Demolition Derby) There's something really odd about these instrumentals, perhaps they were recorded in the same haunted house The Misfits recorded "Horror Business" in, but I doubt it cus these Hypnos are from Helsinki. Whatever makes them freaky certainly lifts this outta the surf glut.

The Inbreds "kombinator" (Tag) I don't necessarily hate the Beatles, but I do sometimes wish noone ever heard them and then decided to write pop songs.

In Camera "13 (Lucky For Some)" (Teenbeat) I'm normally anti-Anglo, so I'll admit that if this rerelease of early 80's No Wave/New Wave stuff had a NYC accent I'd be raving about it. As it is, these oddball songs have a distinct flavor I really dig, put 'em on a mix tape with Joy Division and Devo's demos. However, it's still mildly damnable as a blueprint for the super boring stuff less creative Brits would make us endure for years.

It Came From Memphis (Upstart) Excellent compilation of Memphis artists, from the Delta Blues of Jessie Mae Hemphill to the Garage groove of Flash and the Memphis Casuals. My faves include the snippets of Dewey Phillips radio show, sounding like he's hit the jug one too many times, and Lisa Aldridge, who judging by the photo, drank from the same bucket as Dewey! Must be that Memphis water...

Ivy "i hate december (remix)" (Scratchie) I don't actually partake of the drug that makes you want to dance to mellow grooves like these, so perhaps I'm not the best critic for it. Well, obviously I'm not the best critic, period. No doubt about that.

Jackie and the Cedrics "Great 9 Stomps Set" double 7 (1+2) 28 inches of music but you'll need a lot more space to shuffle and frug these stomp-tacular instro-mentalbreakdowns! Classic!



Jack Killed Jill "Well" (New Red Archives POB 210501 SF, CA 94121) With the "punk" saturation we're experiencing now, it's ridiculous that the dynamic of a female fronted band should still stand out so much. Alas, it still does, so that should really help these classic old school style lyrics spewed out by Revik Delfin (some name!) get noticed, which is good.

Jack O' Fire "Beware The Soulless Cool" (1+2) Though the Jack O'Fire torch has been passed to the mighty Lord High Fixers, the timelessness of their Blues spew is a testament to something or another. Some Blue's punists don't appreciate this stuff and I think it's because this represents Soul as an expression of attitude rather than as a product of technical expertise. Well, these moans move me more than most of the newjacks at Buddy Guys, so chew on that.

Cordell Jackson, live Schuba's. She was recording an album and she was tearing the place up. She might be old, but she sho' aint rusty. A perfect example of Tennessee pride.

Jailbait compilation (Demolition Derby) This might be the best international punk/garage comp Dem. Derby has put out yet. All the bands, Italy's Boys Nex' Door, Switzerland's Coronets, Norway's Basement Brats and USA's Outsideinside put in fine tunes, but the gold medal goes to Norway here, though they beat the Swiss by only .001 points!

Jar of Fools part 1 and 2 graphic novel (Black Eye 338 Kribs St. Cambridge, Ontario Canada N3G 3J3) For those who appreciate Jason Lutes beautiful artwork in Roctober, check out what he's been up to the last few years. Jar of Fools is a comic narrative whose contents rely on none of the baggage that holds back other alternative funny books. Even set in the Pacific Northwest, "Jar" has nothing to do with "youth culture" except in it's periphery, and the dramatic climaxes are never two people fucking. Instead the meat of this story concerns lies, truth, fake magic and real nightmares. The characters portrayed, from an Alzheimerian sleight of hand artist to the city itself, are rich and enchanting. An outstanding comic, one of the best I've ever read.

Jet Boys "Welcome To Wild Party" ep (Demolition Derby) This is psychotic. Every trash element sped up to G-Force extremes. Wilder than a pack of rabid alley dogs.

Joe Christmas "Upstairs, overlooking" (Tooth and Nail) Not a lump of coal, but definitely no Huffy.

Joy Electric "Five Stars For Failure" (Tooth and Nail 12698) Seattle, WA 98111-4698) A triumph in electronic pop! This would be at home in a Berlin cabaret, a teen dance club, or a lo budget porno movie! Joy Electric is one star...for success!

Karp "Suplex" (K) Hey sportsfans, don't let the K fool ya-this is a figure four leglock of Rock! Sonic cousin of the ringing in one's ears after a headsmash to the turnbuckle.

Kittywinder "Bats" b/w "Catfight" (Zero Hour) Your sonar will flip when you hear these two batty trips! Their best yet.

Wayne Kramer "Dangerous Madness" (Epitaph) Kramer's last LP combined remarkably addictive, powerful music with unusual, vivid narratives. I really didn't expect his follow up to maintain that level of excellence, but it really does, it actually could have been released as a double album and the coupling would be seamless. Brother Wayne is one righteous dude.

The Krontjong Devils "Romp Out! with..." (Hillsdale POBox 1592 SF, CA USA) They might come from the Netherlands...but their sound is straight up from the Netherworld! Youth in action!

Kwyet Kings "Somebody Like You" b/w "Still Searching" (1+2) The beautiful thing about getting this Garage record from this Oslo combo, is that unlike their American Psychedelic counterparts, there is a possibility that these guys actually think "Kwyet" is the correct spelling. Spellcheck aside, these organ spawned hits are currently being played LOWD!

Lagwagon "Hoss" (Fat POB 460144 SF, CA 94146) If you've ever heard a Fat record, you know the sound, and this is a good example of it. Pretending that this actually is a "Bonanza" based rock opera increased my listening pleasure a lot.

Laibach (ROIR) This is a reissue of Laibach's first Yugoslavian LP, and it's a perfect sample of what they did. I guess the best way to sum up Laibach is to remember that this is the only band I can think of that looked and sounded like Nazis, and everybody still thought they were (intentionally) funny. If you never heard their industrial faux-fascist song stylings or saw them all dressed up and always at attention, I guess that might be hard to imagine, but believe me, I'm chuckling right now just thinking about them. The balance between seriousness and obvious ridiculousness make them the best band ever in whatever their category is.

La Secta "Black Hair" ep(1+2) On "Black Hair" and "WantSin" these guys do everything with the old "Louie Louie" chord progression, except open a can of beans, and on the 3rd song the spirit of Iggy's "Raw Power" comes through loud 'n' proud. Good thing they printed a discography 'cause I'm looking for their records after hearing this.

Lazy Cowgirls "Ragged Soul" (Crypt) live Lounge Ax-You can call 'em "wheelchair punks" if you're stooped, but The Lazy Cowgirls will wrestle all these unimaginative pop punk pencil neck geeks to the mat anytime. But it's that they're not committed to any great cause, except making this stuff FUN again, that makes 'em all that more endearing. Their set was percolatin' from the word go, with a (sorta) new two guitar attack making 'em true blues brothers to the Dictators, DMZ, et al, and gonzo frontman Pat Todd immediately diminishing the barrier between band and audience. Along with a batch of great new tunes, many from the new album, they performed old faves like "Goddam Bottle" and a ravin' version of "Loretta", later culminating in a three guitar trash jam (D.D. Weekday let an audience member play his Esquirta special on one song. My friend was pissed: 'cause he said he coulda played it better), and full throttle versions of "Yackety Yak" and "Justine". All in all this was one helluva fun show, everyone had a good time and noone got hurt, though when Pat held out his arm to me, lying on his back, I thought it was part of the act. He's fallen and he couldn't get up!!! Buy their album!

Leeway "Open Mouth Kiss" (Futurist) I wouldn't listen to a radio station that played this.

Lightning Beat Man/The In-Sekt split 7" (Demolition Derby) Though it doesn't demonstrate his superpowers of voice and guitar the way his 10" did, his cut here (along with the awesome mono-madness of The In-Sekt) definitely demonstrate the "Trash" side of Garage Trash.

Lil' Rhino Gazette zine (\$2.50 POB 14139 Arlington, TX 76094-1139) Thick, chock full of stuff zine featuring some of zinedom's most consistent and talented contributors in a decent looking layout, for a change.

Limblifter "Cordova" ep (Mercury) Decent little pop record.

Lint "5th Floor" (Plumb 1085 Commonwealth Ave #215 Boston, MA 02215) This 7" comes with four crayons so you can color the designs etched in the white vinyl B side. That's definitely what time it is, because you'll spend more time coloring than listening.

LiR "Nest" (WAR 2401 B'way Boulder, CO 80304) Boring. How can anyone get through youth and still make a record like this.

Little Green Men "Fantastic Relish" (Gravity Hit POB 4246 Dunellen NJ 08812) In the liner notes the band thanks Liz Phair, REM, Flea, Phish, Shadowbox and others. Imagine a sound within that cast of buddies and you may see little green men.

Little Mister Man comix (Slave Labor) James Kochalka's tale of destruction and repression reminds one of the words of Stan Lee: "With Great Power Comes Great Responsibility". And it makes us chuckle.

Live Action Pussy Show "Monster Love" (Posh Boy/Musical Tragedies) Wicked Punk, and not in the Boston skaterat slang "wicked" sense, but in the "wickedness and evils" sense.

"Live" At The Bottom Of The Hill (New Red Archives) Live sets by The Nukes, Jack Killed Jill, Social Unrest and Swingin' Uters. Uters are the band that proves they sound just as good live and studio, but all the tracks here are better than you'd expect.

Long Fin Killie "3 shrinkwrapped colored vinyl singles" (Too Pure) Pretentious attempt to sound like all the other Too Pure bands.

Lord High Fixers "Take Me Home" b/w "Things She Says" (Estrus) Those who know won't tell. Those who tell don't know.

Los Cincos "Sci Fi" ep (Demolition Derby) On a scale of uno to cuatro, cinco! It's space-tacular!

Lotion "Nobody's Cool", "The Agnew Funeral" ep (Spinart POB 1798 NYC 10156) Ashy enough to need lotion. "Treat Me" and a laid back "Walk Away Renee" on the ep are interesting.

Love As Laughter "The Greks Bring Gifts" (K) First off, the fella doing this 4 track art boy indie thing is definitely into masks, so he has Rictorbox points right there. Alas, the conflict comes about because the girl at K who sent this gushed about this boy referring to him as a genius and seeming to secretly love him, but on the same day one of the Ajax records denizens of indie cool mentioned that he thought this record was pure indulgent indie insignificant crap. Well, I'm torn; the dart I threw at the review board landed nowhere near the "genius" or "crap" rings. Sounds good to me, and I'll o-v-e the mask!

Nick Lowe "Party Of One" (Upstart) A reissue of a fantastic LP. Why get excited about new fake Beatles songs when there's 13 excellent Lowe/Edmunds cuts you probably haven't heard yet?

Lunkheads "Gore Gore A Go Go" ep (1+2) Swinging. Rockabilly based (but w/o the limitations of the all hair/no soul practitioners) Garage music, perfect as a soundtrack to fast driving, smoking and looking tough.

Luxo Champ "Duster" ep (Over The Counter) Like their vacuum cleaner namesake, these fellas get the job done while making some good noise. Unlike it, they don't suck.

The Makeup "R U A Believer" (K) I am a believer. This made me dance the sophisticated boom boom.

Mambo Taxi/Breed double 7" (Echostatic/Spacebaby) In the latest round of 2X7" Battle Of The Bands presented by Echo/Baby, the competition is fierce, and a clear winner is hard to call. The Mambo do some fun all-femme Childish/Tiger Trap influenced romping, but I think the A side of the broody Breed's disque gives them the victory. Some kind of Blues or Classic Rock played at a new speed drenched with sad moodiness.

Martin Rev "See Me Ridin' (ROIR) If these same super-minimal pretty songs were being sung by a teen Olympia gal you might not go back and listen twice. However, when this grown up punk legend (ex-Suicide) puts this out you figure it's either really good, really bad or a joke. After a second spin I'm starting to like this.

The Mashers "Go Crazy!! with..." (166 North St. Elgin IL 60120) The Chicagoland area hasn't exactly been a warm petri dish for breeding Garage Trash bacteria, but luckily some folks are starting to catch the disease. If they start mashing on you, don't resist!

Masquerade "Surface of Pain" (Metal Blade) Some of the music is reminiscent of the out of vogue, but never out of my heart, first Crüe LP, and if the singer would only ignore the vocal styles so prevalent in what passes for metal these days I might dig this more. Occasionally he lets loose a high note, but overall, if he's just singing with his Swedish accent, or screech like King Diamond, we'd have a winner here.

McRackins "Planet Of The Eggs" (Stiff Pole Records) Of course any band that dresses up as chickens and a dog gets a good Rictorbox review, and it doesn't hurt that their Punk'nhead tribute is on this album. But without prejudice I add...I loved it, I lived it, I was a planet of eggs!

McRackins "S.T.U.P.I.D. (Lance Rock Records 1223 College Dr. Naraimo B.C. Canada V9R 2362) Thank god a band can still come up with a dumb gimmick, work it to death, and find success! I love McRackins! A fine helping.

McRackins "in on the yolk" (Shredder 75 Plum Tree Lane #3 San Rafael, CA 94901) Busy buggers, aren't they? This may be the best McRackins album of the month!

McRackins/Cheeks split single (Screaming Apple) Their Bryan Adams cover was appreciated, but the M's lose this battle of the band to Germany's Cheeks' catchy, distracting little numbers.

Melt Banana "It's In The Pillcase" (Skingraft) Ah...the universal language of cacophony. The international tongue of mathrock dissonant grooving madness. Clearly these are the lullabies of the future.

Mental Hippie Blood "Pounds" (Metal Blade) The Swedish Stone Temple Pilots.

Metal Massacre III (Metal Blade) MB showcased some of the best, most influential Metaloids of the 80's in the past, but this collection, despite having several good bands on it (Crisis, Eulogy, Christ Wept) shows they're out of touch with the future of Metal. While evil youth the world over are pioneering new depths of Death and Grind, somehow this label finds bands from every country of the planet who think "The Elder" is the best KISS album. Metal will rise again, and Blade will be there, but they've got to start showing more vision (like Earache did signing Anal Cunt) if the Blade is gonna chop again!



The Misfits "Collection II" (Caroline) What more can be said about The Misfits? Clearly they were one of the best groups ever, combining the escapist horror of monster movies with the real horror of Jersey and an understanding of showmanship that lifted them above (artistically at least) the NYC punks who hated them. This collection of the awesome soundtracks to Glenn's mind's movies is spook-tacular! My only criticism, which I hold against most remastered reissues, from JS to Led Zep, is that the clearer separation of the parts doesn't sound as good as the bleeds in the original mix. But whatever, Misfits rule!

Moonwater "Invitation" (Masquerade 695 North Ave NE Atlanta GA 30308) A slinky soiree with rock both retro and alternative. Perhaps I'll RSVP yes.

More Than Music zine (free, 1101 Walnut ste 807 Kansas City, MO 64106) Metal lives! And Chuck lets you know about it with headbangin' reviews and interviews! The best thing in the issue I saw was a loving AC/DC tribute with a kickass family tree.

The Motards "...rock kids" (eMPTy) Mo-tarded is mo' better!

Mouth/Float ep (Telegram/Warner Bros) Akin to sticking your finger in a socket, getting a somewhat painful, somewhat intriguing unusual sensation, and then sticking it in again.

Move Into Villa Villa Kula comp (VVK 230a Tremont St. #23 Boston, MA 02116) Diverse but cohesive hi quality lo fi girl/woman record that goes from Olympia style punk to spoken word to pop, not exactly seamlessly, but with cool hand stitched seams.

Mr. Mirainga (MCA) This band had a hit on the Ace Ventura 2 soundtrack! Oh, and they suck.

Mystery Driver "Getting Away With Murder" (Whitehouse POBox 34363 Chicago, IL 60643) The missing link between Flat duo Jets and Z.Z. Top. Retro rock lives in my CD player. Featuring a cameo by Rocktober's own James Porter on harp.

New Bomb Turks "Pissing Out The Poison" (Crypt) This mammoth singles and rarities collection presents the Turks as they are; So punk you could light a firecracker with 'em. Rust belt bred and NY RocknRoll schooled these fellas actually show off their stuff better in this album with the songs recorded all over time and space, then on their previous LPs.

The Nines "Gonna Get A Ring" b/w "My Soul For You" (Clamnamrama) I'm really digging the A side, which I think is a shotgun wedding tune with an awesome Christmasy opening. Great song.

No Consent "Nowhere To Hide" (Stiff Pole) Sounds like a snottier "Friends" themesong.

No Empathy/Oblivion split (Underdog) Two different bands taking two different roads to get to the same place. No Empathy fires up two hardcore numbers leaving hardly enough time to

empathize. Oblivion, on the other hand, take their time, and one of their songs actually fades out. A rarity for a punk song. Recommended, both of them.

No Fate World Hard Core Compilation (H:G Fact) This Tokyo punk label has assembled 41 great fast as fuck international h/c, grind, punk and death bands and one slow shitty one (The Goblins! Rock and Roll!!!!) so you should buy this.

NOFX "Heavy Petting Zoo" (Epitaph) The Epitaph poppy punk band I hate the least! As usual, they're pretty funny, but the big prize here is for "Most Creative Lyric Sheets", including full color fotos of naked people, children and money with lyrics written on them.

The Nomads "Dig Up The Hatchet" b/w "The Goodbye Look" "Made In Japan (Recorded In Stockholm)" CD (1+2) From the label willing to go anywhere on earth to find living NYC RocknRoll circa '75, comes The Swedish Heartbreakers, the Buddhas the Monomen kneel down to. The quick fix of the single gives more of a buzz than the LP, but the live garage shocks on the CD no doubt deliver raw power.

Ken Nordine "Colors" (Asphodel box 51 Chelsea Station NYC 10113) Nordine would be a guilty pleasure, except for the fact that everyone sorta loves him so there's not much to feel guilty about. Just when you think it's too cheesy or goofy something he says is right on time and you're back with his wordjazz groove. This, a collection of spoken tributes to 34 (this reissue adds a few prev unrlsd!) colors is so good it'll make you believe the hues 'muddy' and 'nutria' exist!

One Life Crew "Crime Ridden Society" (Victory) Not only does this "old school" h/c band kick this off with a pro-America anti-immigrant song, they even have an explanation on the lyric sheet to make clear illegal alien "vultures" should go back to their "rat land." I guess classic American h/c really is coming back.

Östömy (POB 638 Kenmore NY 14217) I have to admit that before this I didn't consider Skimask a genius. Sure his anti-Catholic, defiling antics entertained me, but anyone could do that, it's just that few have the psyche to go through with it, but this tape of electronic soundscapes is truly the work of a unique mind. Freakish, odd, ethereal and skimaskian!

Pacer 10" (Bear 014 JAF Box 444 NYC 10116) If I was driving a Pacer on my way to a Pacers game and this was in the tapedeck, that'd be cool with me. I'd like this more if it was raining.

Palace "Viva Last Blues/Mountain" ep (Drag City) Tonight's the Night" distilled through the mind of an extra from "Deliverance". Beautiful dark songs that grow listen after listen. His voice never quite makes it and the band often seems lost, but that's what makes it work. Not for everyone but if you're into depressing folk rock these are masterpieces.

Pantyboy "Allright!" ep (Lada POBOX 2038 2470 AA Zwammerdam The Netherlands) "Big Jim" ep (Demolition Derby) I think my girlfriend summed up these Netherlandic nuts best when she came in the room, fingers in her ears and said: "This is some wild group!" I'd like to point out that the Netherlandic label Lada is using vinyl colors and plastic stock for the bags that this Yankee has never seen in his life.

The Parasites "Top Secret" b/w Stay Awhile" (Rocco) Good songs.

The Pebbles "I'm Sitting By The Window" ep (Planet Pimp) This is alot different then her "Mercedes Boy" hit from the early 90's! Now instead of being a bland black Urban Contemporary singing woman, Pebbles is promoting herself as a hot Japanese punk trio. Good career move, and believe me, you'd have to be fruity to not love these pebbles!

ped Xing comix (Andrew Robinson 5758 N. Winthrop #11 Chicago, IL 60660) I didn't understand this at all.

Peechees "Do The Math (Kill Rock Stars) Remarkable, engaging punk-sicle of a record with vocals so dripping with snottiness I'd sooner toss the hanky then put it back in my pocket. Good assed songs.

The Phantom Surfers "Fuck Surf Music" b/w "Survival of the Fattest" (Planet Pimp) If you love wailing surf guitar with the wild abandon and power of a tsunami wave, if you respect the godlike thunder of Dick Dale-RUN OUT AND BUY THIS IMMEDIATELY-you won't be disappointed!

Jaime Piña "Astro Boy/Astro Girl" (1 +2) Perhaps Jaime is establishing himself as the El Vez of Ramones/Dolls/Thunders punk, but this ain't no novelty record. This is a trashy hole filled with soul and I'm about to give it another spin.

Pink Lincolns "Back From The Pink Room", "Sunno Funes" ep (Stiff Pole Records) When PBS showed it's R&R documentary last year it had some awesome parts (in the funk episode particularly) but the punk stuff was disappointing. What they had was interesting, and at least they started in the US with Modern Lovers and Ramones, but once that got to the UK they never came back. Then they skipped from 78 to Nirvana! No Hardcore! No Dead Kennedys! Well if Rock scholars don't believe in the legacies of Hardcore's Americanness and the DK's

lyrical cynicism, then they should listen to this disc. Think pink, history!

Jonny Polonsky "Truly Ugly and Dead Too" b/w "In Bloom" (Rapid/American) Already nicknamed Jonny "Hi, I Suck" Polonsky around town for his 400 club appearances in two weeks a few months ago, this single does nothing to help shed that moniker.

Poppyseed (c&s records 166 5th ave nyc 10010) As soon as I hear a chorus effects pedal on a guitar record and I know I'm supposed to feel like "this is sad" I stop listening.

Pravda Records 1985-1995 (Pravda 3823 N. Southport Ave. Chicago, IL 60613) What, no Farmers cut? No Hasil Adkins?!? This sampler celebrates ten years of this Chicago indie label, although only one track (The Hollowmen 1986) came out before 1991. Some fairly respectable music, but like I said about The Blazers LP on Rounder I reviewed last issue, this is mostly "roots rock" that grabs you with a hair-raising guitar lick, but your mind starts wandering shortly after the song itself kicks in. If Crosby, Stills and Nash went punk, I'm afraid they'd sound like this.

Pretty Mary Sunshine "Bird Medicine" (Ricochet) Pretty Boring Sometimes.

The Prime Movers "Under Your Spell" b/w "Down and Out" (Clamarama) Yes, you Boston/Providence over 30 rock fans, this is the same band, gotten back together, and now making music that seems to have been written even earlier than their old stuff (though I'm going by hazy memory here) Mild psychedelia tempering old school pop is the recipe, and it's fairly tasty.

The Probe zine (\$4, c/o Aaron Muentz POBox 5068 Pleasanton, CA 94566) Buy it for the naked girls! Read it for the naked souls! Aaron presents a sleazy, well written Punk zine with enough titbits and band references to keep you into it, then, (in the form of history's longest zine introduction, amongst other places) lets loose some of the most painfully honest, embarrassing personal shit that he did and felt over the last few months. Usually only girls reveal themselves so thoroughly, but Aaron can get away with it and still be manly cuz his embarrassing shit involves drinking and fucking, so he's still cool. This zine gets two dicks up!

The Pulsars "Teenage Nights" ep (Sweet Pea PCB 408967 Chi IL 60640) Rarely is an entry in the indie pop genre actually as outstanding and catchy as the A side of this single. Throw in some ambient space sounds, and we have a winner...and it's out of this world!

punk zine (POB 1114 Frazier Park, CA 93225) Thick micro zine chock full of teenage comic, music and outrage. I'd skate with these fuckers any day if I wasn't so fucking old. You notice how highschool punks today know to get PO boxes. Back in the day everyone just got shit sent to their mom's house and tried to get to the mail first.

Punk Rock Jukebox comp (Blackout POB 1575 NYC 10009) Truly a Punkrock tribute album, as 20 decent to great bands (and a few that suck) each play their all time fave punk tune. What this is a tribute to is the fact that a great punk song is a great song (as opposed to say, a great classic rock song being a great recording) and any hack should be able to make it sound good. I mean, any band that can't make a decent go of "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight" oughta quit.

Punk TV comp (Red Dawg POB 2129 Bloomington, IN 47402) Well, this is a pretty obvious idea: punk bands doing tv show themesongs, and not surprisingly, the funniest bands (Larry Brnrds, Lynrd's Innards) do the funniest versions, but mostly it's pretty dull, pop punk versions that are pretty true to the originals. It's a benefit for sick kids, though, so if you're into tv or you don't value my opinion you should give this a try.

Rail "Luke and Lauraland" ep (Red Dawg POB 2192 Bloomington, IN 47402) If you get a chance to listen and dance to this record, consider yourself Lucky. (That's a Soap Opera joke, by the way.)

Ralph "coffee, jazz and poetry" (Bongo Beat Box 505, 1288 Broughton, Vancouver, BC Canada, V6G 2B5) If you thought that the Kaisers records and the early Beatles song uncaringness represented the Beat Revival, you're barking up the wrong beater. 'Cause this is documentation of a contempo-Canuck scene consisting of the three title components. It's finger snapping good, with most of the poems consisting of no pretentious musings.

Red Hot and Bothered-The Indie Rock Guide To Dating (Kinetic/Reprise) What could spread AIDS awareness faster than "infectious" pop? I like the Verlaines and Heavenly cuts, and I'm glad the comp ends with a Gastr Del Sol composition that reminds the listener that AIDS isn't all that poppy.

Reef "Replenish" (Sony) Play that funky slap bass white boy/Play that funky wah wah white.

Refreshments "Fizzy Fuzzy Big and Bouncy" (Mercury) Hooky, pleasant music that many white college girls will like.

Revelairs/Journeymen rare surf split 7" (Hillsdale) Vinyl issue of two jointly unused 60's tunes previously available only on one of those hologram disk things. Both tunes, especially the

J-Men's howling "Surfer's Blues" justify Southern Cal's cultural existence. I hope none of these guys became LAPD.

Reverb/Tartan Keats split 7" (Spiffing 22 Aspinwall St. Westbury, NY 11590) Unlike in 1776, this war (split singles are always battle of the bands in my opinion) has to go to the UK as Reverbs satisfied my hunger by being less cerebral and more rocking. Something slicky and punchy reverberated in my chest long after listening to this.

John "BJ" Rogers "Tech-No-Color" (1618 S. Talbott Av. Indianapolis, IN 46225-1702) This one's distributed by Fraternity, the label that did all them classic guitar instrors by Lonnie Mack in the 60's, so you can't go wrong! Usually I can't stand current Rockabillys who sing about "Pretty Kitty cruisin' the drag in her Corvette" while their voices are buried in the echo machine. However, Rogers does just that, and despite a few shaky numbers, he sounds fine, reverb and all! I can see myself coming back for more. Good stuff!

Rot "Intense Noise Core 1988-1991" (Discommunication 734-1 Kobeto Annaka Gunma 379-01 Japan) Noise, madness and evil wrapped in photos of Japanese bondage sex. In other words, thumbs up! Another victory for the land of the rising sun!

Run On "Miscalculation" b/w "A to Z" (Matador) Run on down to the store...and buy it! (sucker.)

Rustbucket "el famous" (Crank POB 57-8935 Chicago IL 60657 8935) Kind of sounds like a movie band, i.e. an updated "Eddie and the Cruisers" or a progressive version of Justine Bateman's "Satisfaction" band.



S & Em Presents comix (\$1, POB 851 Felton CA 95018) Super violent evil monkey comix that look like they were drawn in a notebook in jr. high. In other words, IT'S AWESOME!

Art Paul Schlosser "Vote For Me (It's A Joke) and Punk Rock In The Whitehouse plus other songs and jokes and other comments" (tape \$5.50, 7" \$3.50 214 Dunning Madison WI 53704) America's favorite kazoo blowing, nutty song singing, Christian candidate is back! Besides begging for your vote, here Art sings about Kurt Cobain, vomit, pie and judgement day. It's his best tape ever!

Screwed soundtrack (AmRep) This accompanying piece to a new documentary on Screw magazine publisher Al Goldstien is the best Am Rep release in years. Every band (including Halo of Kitten, Big Chief, Boss Hog and Cows) finds a mighty muse in the pages of porno, though I think the Melvins most capture the spirit of Goldstien's empire with their lovely "I Love Porn."

Sepultura "Roots" (Roadrunner) Very strange. Even though this Brazilian H/C metal Rock mega group was always thoughtful in it's lyrics and sentiment, who would expect them to do a concept album celebrating Brazilian culture. It all works pretty well, too. The incorporation of traditional instruments, and even the jam with an old school Brazilian percussionist, while not creating anything radically new, definitely creates an interesting variation on the genre. Pretty bold.

7-10 Split Records-Operation: Break Even (Am Rep) What better way for Am/Rep to come up with a winner then to release music from the most zine-centric lowly Minnesota label that exists! Made up of some of my fave non-Prince/Kirby Puckett Twin City dwellers, the 7-10 empire will always hold a place in Rotober's esteem, and though I never expected to hear The Viceroy's or Acid Pure Hi-Fi on any other medium then cassette, I'm sure glad to get the chance. Tons of winners here!

SF Seals "Truth Walks In Sleepy Shadows" (Matador) What's always said about Barbara Manning (pretty voice, great tunesmith, nice interpreter [Pretty Things cover!]) all apply to this release, and then some! I loved listening to this.

Shallow "the sonic boom remixes", "CD laser lens cleaner" (zero hour) I imagine if you had some herbal Ecstasy and Scotty beamed you up this is what you'd hear on the way to the space ship.

Sharkboy "The Valentine Singles" (nude) More British drone-pop that makes me wish my stereo had a 78 rpm setting. This four single set does wrap up with a Serge Gainsbourg cover, so there's hope.

Shrine "Psycha" (Malicious Vinyl 6607 Sunset Blvd LA 90028) I wouldn't be surprised to be at any rock bar anywhere and see this band on stage. Hilarious cover of "White Rabbit" included at no extra cost.

Sicko "Chef Boy R U Dum" (eMpTy) I always liked Sicko better than most of the now popular pop/punk combos cause they always seemed like the true loser band of the genre, and that's who *should* be playing this stuff. Well after listening to this I realize that their loser image is a carefully calculated clever manipulation of my sympathies...and I still buy it! Boy, I M Dum!

Sidekick Kato "1st Class Chump" (Johanns Face POB 479-164) Chicago IL 60647) If Emo boys get ballsy, is it still Emo? For you out of towners, by the way, I believe this band (unlike Kato the Houseboy) existed B.O.J.

Silkworm "Marco Collins Sessions" (Matador) Unplugged they sound too Neil Young-ish.

Sit 'n' Spin "I'm Sick" b/w "Shaffo Road" (Planet Pimp) A real gas!

The 69 Eyes "Motor City Resurrection" CD, "Deuce" b/w "Is It My Body" (1+2) Motor City? It looks like these guys are going for the LA thang, and their research was watching "Decline Of Western Civ. Pt. 2" 69 times. Finnish Glam rules!

The Skeleton Crew "Prehistoric...dig!" (Intersound POB 17240 11810 Wills Road Roswell, GA 30077) If you love Blues Traveller these skeletons will really shake your bones.

Skunk Anansie "Paranoid Sunburst" (Epic/Little Indian) If you thought Living Colour's singer was stomachable, and their lyrics were "deep", then you'll like it even more when a bald black girl singing.

Sleater-Kinney 10" (Villa Villa Kula) I got my Kinney kicks!

Sleazefest LP and Video (No Place Like Home Productions POB 464 Chapel Hill, NC 27514) After spending a few hours listening to and viewing these historical documentation's of North Carolina's lo-level Garage Shock, I can honestly say *I feel violated!* The sleaze and slime oozing out of my VCR seems to have jammed the gears. If you've never seen a Hasil Adkins show, if you've seen Hasil several times, if you're a student of skidding Southern culture, if you've never heard a Woggle, or seen one Woggle wiggle, if you're prepared to descend into the cellar of trashrock, don't miss the Sleaze Boat!

Slipstream "Side Effects" (che) It'll make Eur backbone Slip.

Neil Smith "Rotten Roll" ep (Exit) This rocks so hard you could cut diamonds with it, dude!

The Smugglers "Whiplash!" b/w "Death of a Romantic" (1+2) This label has released alot of great songs from alot of great bands from alot of great (and a few shitty) countries, but I'm gonna have to go with this recording of "Whiplash" as the best song they've released yet. They're trying to trick you into thinking it's vintage spy music, but the only secret agent it makes me think of is Santo!

Snotboy "77/Problematics split single (Red Dawg) Snotboy '77 was more obnoxious and pornographic, but the Probs were a better band.

Snuka demo (POB 192 Price St. station NYC 10012) Made my jimmy feel super fly! .

Social Unrest "New Lows" (New Red Archives) Though some old school bands would really be fucked up (musically, not saleswise) by having a big star (Billy Joe Greenaday) produce and "update" their sound, Social Unrest has no such problem, cuz they're foundationally sound. The early 80's are coming back!

The Softies "It's Love" (K) K out K's themselves! Their K-est yet!

Sometimes Sweet Susan (Futurist) This alternative rock combo proudly wallows in Milwaukeeeness, which you've got to admire. All the fotos inside really invoke beer city and there's even an anti Bud "acting commish" Selig tune.

SOMIZ demo (Henry Mitchell 1216 W. 96th St. LA CA 90044) A joy! Great.

Son Volt "Trace" (Warner Bros.) There's a reason this made so many 10 best lists-it's fucking amazing. This is what country/rock should sound like, no bullshit Eagles. Neil Young/Hank hybrids that seem hugely real. Country radio would play this all day long if they had any balls.

Soup zine (\$1, 4002 Park Cr. Way Houston, TX 77059) If you're hungry for sensitive, quiet comics and stories, stir up to Soup, it's good food.

Souther comics (25\$, 11237 Willms Rd. Oakdale CA 95361) This kid is the future of comix! I guess, maybe.

Southern Culture/Friggs/Nomads/Monomen CWF Wrestling 7" (free w. Carbon 14 zine) Once again the crew at C4 put a better record out as an insert than most labels do as real releases.

So What? zine, The Zen Of Henry zine (POB 378 Richmond, VA 23203) All the earmarks of insanity-of the hand typed kook-rant sheets that schizophrenic religious fanatics hand out on corners and glue to walls near bustops-are here. Tons of single spaced text, mysterious graphics, obviously altered xeroxed texts, extreme obsessions...the whole shebang. However, the content is the key here, as pop culture criticism, Religious parody and funny papers worship (the latter zine is dedicated to the deification of Henry, the mute, bulbous domed comic character) all contribute to welcome propagandization.

Space Needle "The Sun Doesn't Love Me Anymore" b/w "Sugar Mountain" (Zero Hour) Though I liked this band live, I actually enjoyed the elevator ride in Seattle's needle more than listening to this.

Speed McQueen (Mercury) "Gig" (Citrus and Tang/Polygram) Big solos, high drama.

Spiderman Cereal (Ralston Purina) Yecch. After eating this I felt not unlike, I'd imagine, Peter Parker felt after contracting his spider venom radiation poisoning. And the marshmallows didn't look shit like they were supposed to.

Spiritualized "Pure Phase" (Arista) Space Rock that never breaks orbit. Poses the astronomical riddle "Can one crash without taking off?"

Spontaneous Combustion zine (\$3 3943 Cumnor Road Downers Grove, IL 60515) Good local zine covering punk and garage made great by an excellent Tim Kerr interview but made super great by the inclusion of an awesome JFA 7" of old live cuts. It'll blow you up real good!

Spudmonsters "No Guarantees" (13383 Madison Ave. Lakewood OH 44107) First of all, this hardcore potato stuffer was produced by "Wacko", who used to blow his head up at the end of Raven shows, so his hearing might not be too good...which explains the h/c insanity on this tape. Very fast and loud and American!

The Standells "POOR BOYS BORN IN A RUBBLE" (SUNDAZED POB 85 Consackie NY 12051) Four tunes by these deities, previously unreleased in these configurations. From the LP version of "Sometimes Good Guys..." with about a minute extra of tough guy rap on the outro, to the live, unreleased or alternate takes on this, these boys make a convincing argument for American Garage Rock as the superior form of white music-beating out even Grindcore and Opera!

Stanley "Clobbered" (Another Planet 740 Broadway NYC 10003) Clobbered me with unoriginality.

Starlings "Christmas with..." (Honey) Chicago may have the Hideaways, but Dallas has the Starlings challenging John and Jesse Hideaway's awesome simplicity with these wonderful X-mas x-claimations. Anytime it takes three people to sound like a one man band you know you're doing something right.

Steelwool "Mechanical Servants" b/w Drummer In Jail" (Reservation) Superb packaging. Gorgeous design and great printing are a nice plus, but it's a good hunk of music too. The B side sounds like The Blob singing sweet gospel.

Stereolab "Refried Ectoplasm" [Switched On Vol 2] (Drag City) In my incognito visits to the many record stores in town, rarely do I hear a record played by both Black Jazz fans and pale indie rock geeks with equal enthusiasm. Stereolab is the only one I can think of.

Stiffs, inc. "Nix Naught Nothing" (American), "Destroy All Art" b/w "Chelsea" (aluminum), "Blown Away Baby" b/w "Work work work..." (some fake label) Hi, were from New York. Shrewd marketing of a 77 style punk mimic in an attempt to guess the next trend. I think, "Destroy All Art" is the best, 'cause if it didn't have a year on it (or a topical B-side) someone could have told me it was old and rare and tricked the fuck out of me.

Strife "To An End" b/w "Grey" (Victory) It's straightedge, but the singer's voice has already changed. What's up with that?

Stuntman (Link c/o AAM 121 W. 27th st. #401 NYC 10001) Though I don't necessarily consider mixing weird guitar with some chops and still making it sound pre-"Alternative" college-radio-ish much of a stunt, I'm a guy who liked Lee Majors' singing on "The Fall Guy" theme, so who am I to judge?

(sty) zine (POB 2192 Bloomington, IN 47402-2192) Hebrew style page numbering and a couple of cups more of concept and gimmicks may have fooled me into believing this skate/punk/road zine is far more brilliant than it actually is. Or did they?

Sugarplant "Cage Of The Sun" ep (Pop Narcotic) Beautiful stuff here. One might put Sugarplant into the Galaxie 500/Stereolab category, but I love their songs more than all of G500's and most of Stereolab's.

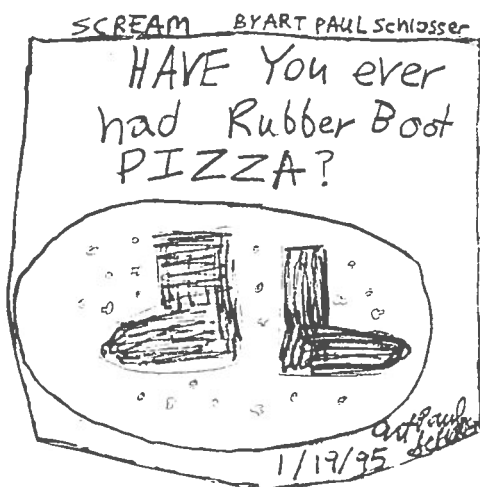
Sugar Shack "You Don't Mean Shit To Me" b/w "Quintana" (Estrus) Despite the A-side title, this is not a band of 14 year olds who've just discovered Black Flag and Cuss words, they're two moody, minor-chord Garage rockers. The B is an example of what an instrumental can do at it's best; create a mood, rock

your world for a coupla minutes and then exit. It's an all out Shack Attack!

Suicidiary (Terminal Projects Group POB 1390 Orem UT 84059) Volume upon volume on the ups and downs of suicidal ponderings. You'll, laugh...you'll cry! From the guy who brought you the masturbation and Mom zines, so any psych majors out here you better order this!

Superdrag "The fabulous 8 Track sound of..." (Daria 626-5 Scott #303 SF, CA 94117) Drag music, eight track sounds and super-ness is only hinted at.

Supersnazz "Uncle Wiggly" b/w "Let It Up" (Get Hip) Though these beautiful firecrackers of Garage are extremely short, none actually qualify as dwarves, which has kept them out of our Midget Rock and Roll feature by about 4 inches. But short on rock? Never! These cuts are rawer and better sounding than their Sub Pop LP.



Surfaholics "Tiki-A-Go-Go" (Pixlar POBox 2707 N. Canton.. OH 44720) OK, of course this is perhaps the most generic band and album name imaginable, but believe it or not, this combo adds some unusual edge and some healthy humor to an acceptable-by-the-book genre. Rocks harder than the Football and Rock and Roll Halls of Fame combined!

The Surf Maggots "Are You There God? It's Me Maggot." (Candy Ass POB 42382 Portland, OR 97242) Not a surf band, but it's got a Surf foundation, and occasionally it would have helped if they borrowed Surf's predilection towards instrumentals, as these indie rock vocals rarely improve the songs. Some tunes are so-so, but some (especially the opener) are maggot-nificent!

Symphonic Pink Floyd (Point) You would think just take the guitars and vocals out of the original mixes and you'd already have symphonic Pink Floyd, so this seemed like a curious project, but it actually works surprisingly well. Though I'm not a fan of the grandiose Floyd material (the Barrett punk/psych stuff is what I appreciate them most for) I have to admit bringing that material to it's logical extreme has some pretty interesting results. I hope they put out a symphonic Prince next!

Sweet Cream USA "Close To Rock" (Smilex POBox 45956 LA, CA 90045) Arty, Velvety pop, and I'm glad this isn't nearly as lame as it could be, as it inevitably would be, if a band with less vision attempted this stuff.

Sweet Rooster "VH Shrine" ep (Reservation) Cock a doodle DUDE! I'll say this is one sweet chicken!

Taildragger, live, 5105 Club. The renowned Blues legend is back after an unfortunate prison stint. The wireless mike is gone, and T.D. himself seemed alot more subdued in his January comeback gig. Sure, he ground his pelvis and crooned to the womenfolk, but he was hardly as extroverted as he was a couple of years ago, but he's still in fine voice and he's probably back to his old ways by the time you read this.

Tailgators "It's A Hog Groove" (Upstart) This band has been around a l-o-n-g time, and hasn't really shown alot of growth, but I guess when you're a solid, good-time House Rockin' New Orleans style band you can be like an annoying party guest: Arrive early and stay. This is actually supposed to be a positive review.

Tapeworm zine (c/o Jeff Pike POB 19351 Seattle, WA 98109) Overwhelming! I challenge you to send a few bucks for this and try to figure it out.

Teengenerate "Fly Over You" b/w "Buzz Off" (Bag Of Hammers POBox 928 Seattle, WA 98111) WHY DON'T AMERICAN KIDS WANT TO PLAY LIKE THIS? What could possibly be in their collective psyche that would make our youth prefer "pop-punk" to screaming, all-tore-up, punk Rock 'n Roll!!!

TEISCO DEL REY "PLAYS MUSIC for LOVERS" (Upstart) What this man can do with a guitar! If this doesn't get you lucky you're dating the wrong lady.

Tel Aviv "Cigarette" ep, "193" LP (Teen Beat) If you expect recordings of rock hurling Hassids shouting "Shabos Shabos"...you'll find just the opposite here!

Thirty Ought Six "hag seed" (Mute 140 West 22 St. #10 A NYC 10016) I knew this band was from the NW as soon as the laser hit this thing-and I knew they were probably hailed as geniuses. Well good for them, but I hate this,

this ain't no fucking melodic punk 7" (Probe Records POB 5066 Pleasanton, CA 94056) Extreme ugliness. Much better and eviler music than I would normally give California credit for.

This Living Hand "Consolation Prize" (e pluribus unum 842a Santa Monica Blvd #831 West Hollywood CA 90069) Slow, dreamy pop that's a little too slow. I wish I could set my CD player on 78.

Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments "Bait and Switch" (American) Unpretentious poppy punk that distills everything good from Columbus.

Three Blue Teardrops "Poised In Hate" (Teen Rebel POBox 44231 Miami FL 33144-2341) 3 Blue are probably the best Rockabilly band in Chicago, fun and cool, so if you're into the pompadour scene you'd be a sucker not to get this.

Throttle (Tee Pee Records POB 20307 NYC 10009-9991) For some reason I've played this several times, and every time the rough hewn, Funk/Blues bottomed rawk gets funnier and more likable.

Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers "Live At Max's Kansas City 79" (ROIR 611 Broadway suite 411 NYC 10002) Well, cassette only ROIR is going the CD route, and that means snobs who shunned the format are now gonna get to hear some of the best live albums ever. Of course Mr. Thunders' stumbling ass can be found on many a live recording, but most of them either don't capture the NYC ROCK AND RO-WOLL horse-and-bar chord rawk this band was a paragon of, or they just suck. But if you've heard one of the lesser, almost novelty, live LPs, don't write these MF's off til you hear this. Most is from the great album that was originally on the Max's label, and they sound awesome, but some bonus cuts from another set, complete with comic banter and true punkdrunk power, unfortunately, seem to suffer from one of the many excuses usually offered after another bad sounding Heartbreakers live LP hit the streets; 'bad mix', 'out of tune', or the classic 'mastered at the wrong speed!' If they'd just clean up those potentially awesome bonus tracks this would get my highest recommendation.

Ticklish a film by Kelly Kuvo (c/o SG POB 4767-48 Chicago, IL 60647). Without a doubt, the best porno movie ever made.

Tiki Men "12 Dusty Diamonds" (Hillsdale POB 641592 SF, CA 94164) A dozen boss instrumental skeleton keys that unlock the mysteries...of the soul!

Tina and the B-Side Movement (Sire) Damn it's, a "Janis"! White girl blues soul that's full of B(owel)-side movements.

Tizzy "Befriend Us" ep "Igloo" b/w "Wives" (Pop Narcotic) Good stuff, more ambitious than most indie pop bands-there's even a song about the Shat-man here!

Tommie Griggz/Dionysus split cassette (Scooter Bat POBox #6 Collingswood, NJ 08108) Not as great as their last single, but still funny and punk enough, T.G. narrowly wins this battle of the bands.

Top Shelf comix (\$5, Primal Groove Press POBox 15125 Portland, OR 97215-0125) Diverse underground comix anthology that is exceptional for showcasing a variety of styles and approaches. Some nice storytelling by Josue Menjivar and Kris Stacks highlight the debut issue.

Tortoise "millions now living will die" (Thrill Jockey POBox 476794) Rich, lush and smooth, yet nonetheless a New Age ambient sound record that would go well with incense. Of course, I'd say similar things about Kraftwerk "Autobahn" and New Age electronic tripe, and I certainly wouldn't rip on Kraftwerk.

Toxic Reasons "No Peace In Our Time" (Bitzcore) I have no idea what was on the CD Rom/computer track, so consider this an incomplete review. Not much edge left to this band. Competent, emotionless punk on cruise control.

Trans Am (Thrill Jockey) In this release's favor I have to say I've heard it playing all over town in many a hip scene. On the other hand this instro stuff is so innocuous that even after the tenth time I still had to ask what it was, it just leaves no impression on me. It's not a bad thing to have listened to alot of Faust and Can, but it's not enough.

Tuscadero "Step Into My Wiggle Room" (Teenbeat) Some Groovy rerecordings of some rarities, and then the move that buried KISS...four separate solo tracks. Well, Jack is Ace, Melissa is Gene, Margaret is Peter and Phil is Paul.

TV Set "Wall of Fear" ep (555 West Cornelia Box 801 Chicago IL 60657) I'm pleased to say TVSet is a Chicago band that allows the influence of classic New Wave to temper their "Industrial" "Goth" music, making some of the most interesting examples of what I thought were artistically dead genres I've heard in years.

25 Ta Life "keeping It Real" (We Bite America 1837 W. Fulton St. Chicago IL 60612) NYC H/C and positivity aren't exactly peanut butter and jelly, but these guys are trying, although I don't exactly understand where all the hip hop visual and spelling aesthetic appropriations fit in, because it's sure not reflected in the music.

Twin Earth "Trancers" ep (Lada)It's psychedelicious!

Two Foot Flame (Matador) Witchy incantation Rock and Roll.

Two Line Filler "Listener" (New Red Archives) If you're expecting the classic H/C or new school punk this label usually delivers, this'll sound like filler.

ugEXPLODE magazine (POBox 82 Chicago, IL 60690-0082) Weasel Walter has stuck his flag in and claimed the land of No Wave/Mathrock/Black Metal/Free Jazz as his own. He loves and he hates and he's better than me, so I bow down to his evil rule. You know it's good if it makes you feel inferior.

The Umbrella Stand zine (50 cents, 345 Allendale Road West Seneca, NY 14224-3951) Nutty, wild clip and quip zine that wins 200 bold points for defying the USPostal service by announcing on the front cover that the stamp on the back cover is glued, and reusable.

Unan "Super Shiny Dreams" (Bad Taste POB 148428 Chicago IL 60614) It's Unan-imous! Everyone has Iceland-mania after hearing these future top forty pop tart hits!

Untitled "Untitled (Drag City) Though the title for this (it's actually by Cindy Dall, or as I've heard a few say, "you mean Smog's girlfriend's record?") is high concept, the music is actually pretty straight forward for a Drag City release; pretty, peaceful and somewhat unnerving vocals over similar tracks.

Upper Crust "Let Them Eat Rock" (Upstart) This is a novelty band dressed up in powdered wigs with pun names singing aristocracy rock songs. In other words-it's our kinda record! Were making like Marie Antoinette and losing our heads for it!

Upside Down Room (Tooth and Nail) I put this record on, went about my business, and didn't notice it.

Urusei Yatsura "olastic ashtray" ep (Che) Spacey pop from across the pond. Hipsters may like this.

US Maple "Long Hair In 3 Stages", "stuck" b/w "When A Man Says Ow" (Skin Graft) An alien tongued tourette's sufferer complementing more noodling than a Thai soup chef does on a Saturday night. Live, the singer reminds me of Jason Bateman.

The Vacant Lot "Shake Well" (Shake 598 Victoria C.P. 36587 St-Lampin Quebec J4P-3S8 Canada) Though the parking lot next to the pop punk building is far from vacant, these Canucks manage to be fresh and genuinely Bandstand danceable.

Van Gogh's Daughter "Down" b/w "Crystal" (Psykodisk POB 77848 SF, CA 94107) Made me want to cut off both ears.

Van Gogh's Daughter "Shove" (Hollywood) How original. The title "Shove" has already been used by a G(i)r(l) band, and every note has been played by other hot alternative punk geniuses. Exactly what you'd expect from Disney.

Varnaline "Man Of Sin" (Zero Hour) Wicked high end indie.

The Vice Barons "Friends In Low Places" (Nitro) Euro-surftrash far better than anything Garth Brooks has has done since the title appropriation here!

Vitamade "Everything You Need" (Bong Load) It Vita-made my day! Heavy, hard and better than Madonna!

Vitapup "an hour with Vitapup" (plump) New York City hipster white kids pulling every NYC hipster white kid trick out of their hat during our hour together.

Viva Satellite! "Nishima" (Teenbeat) The album-length indie rock "Paradise By The Dashboard Light"!

Von Lmo "Red Resistor" (Variant 61 E 8 st. #223 NYC 10003) Thunder from the future.

Voodoo Glow Skulls "Firme" (Epitaph) 90's ska, even the "punk" kind, is about as amusing as 90's "Saturday Night Live".

V3 "American Face" b/w "Son Of Sam Donaldson" (pob 14146 Columbus, OH 43214) Ah, so biting! People are stupid and fucked and I'm glad a band has finally found the bravery to point this out!

The Waiters "Rosalie" b/w "Interview on Bandstand" (Eticant (not to be confused with Etiquette), POBox 682, Tacoma, WA) This famed instro crew (not to be confused with Bob Marley's bunch) is celebrated in this excellent reissue. The A side is a previously unreleased version of one of their more popular

numbers, while the flip is a hoot-Dick Clark interviewing them on American Bandstand in 1959 while the chicks literally (editor's note:!!?) wet their drawers over guitarist Rich Dangel!

Wakeland "Magnetic" (Giant 8900 Wilshire Blvd Beverly Hills CA 90211) It's the music of the people, man! They're regular guys singing pop love songs from the heart...of the country.

Warzone/Cause For Alarm split ep (Victory) Warzone's brilliant pro-hardcore-traditional-skin-punk-truth is fucking perfect! It's been years since I've been scolded for not knowing what anarchy is. That skinhead girl with all the pride/will never run will never hide/oi oi oi (4x)/She's a skinhead girl warrior (4x) Cause, also, is still classic.

What About George? "Harvey Street (Spinning Records) I Shudder to Think that this band might be Better Than Jake, ye! Less Than Ezra in the battle for worst name. Actually in a battle of the bands, this group best matches up against the crew who sings the "Friends" TV theme. And it's a "pick 'em" bet, at that!

Wingnut the fanzine of eternal youth w. flexi (\$5, pob 603128 Prov. RI 02906) If I were to look at a sheet with thousands of 0's and 1's that represented a computer program, I could appreciate the fact that information was contained within that code and perhaps I could even appreciate the beauty of the patterns. But I sure wouldn't know what the fuck was going on.

Winter Harvest (Bong Load) This promo is supposed to show off the Bong Load production team, and I guess they do a good job, cuz at one point I thought it was the Ace Frehley solo album!

Witchy Poo "everybody looks good in a helmet" (KRS) Listening to this is like going to see a friend of a friend's performance art piece...only here you don't get to see breasts.

Wives "Ask Me How" (Go Kart) These wives can't be beat! Nothin' groundbreaking, but nonetheless asskicking nuevo-hardcore rockin'.

The Woggles "Hang Loose plus 2" (Reservation)As usual, the Woggles boggle and giggle and the listener ogles and wiggles.

Working Class Hero, a tribute to John Lennon (Hollywood) From listening to this, you might think John wrote some thoughtful lyrics and put them to boring music. Only Flaming Lips really celebrate his pop craftsmanship. Some bands are as bad as you'd imagine (Chili Peppers), some are worse than you can "Imagine" (Blues Traveler has now recorded the worst ever version of the most covered song on the CD. Their success is baffling, and that is the worst harmonica player ever!), some are good enough (George Clinton's "Mindgames") but nothing is outstanding.

Wrestling Literary Journal zine (\$1.50 Robert Rothhass POB 435 Shadyside, MD 20764) They ain't joking. Expressive match reviews and grappling fiction. A worthy opponent to the less erudite heels of zines it locks up with.

Yah Congo Meets King Tubby & Professor at dub table (ROIR) While I should probably talk about the unique sounds of Jamaican dub mixing and the strangeness of the genre and the brilliance and creativity of the practitioners, all I can really think about while hearing my first 70's Dub reissue on CD is how with primitive DJ technology they totally predicted the sound of a CD skipping years before one ever did...and they loved that sound!

Yo La Tengo "Camp Yo La Tengo" (Matador) If they're implying that an ep with a groovy remix, a spooky Seeds cover, an ambient ghost story track and a few bars of Dave "Baby" Cortez thrown in, is campy, then sign me up to be a junior counselor!

Yona-Kit "Yona-Kit LP" (Skin Graft) Two deities of differing art rock guitar mastery (K.K. Null of Zeni Geva and Jim O'Rourke of a million different bands) join forces and phenomenally manage to be surprisingly un-self-indulgent. Metal Blade wishes they had something this rockin' and heavy to put out!

Your Mother "1990-1995 The Metal Years" (Probe POB 5068 Pleasanton, CA 94566) Massive punk novelty record, funny as classic Meatmen, but not as offensive, which is interesting coming from a label whose mother mag publishes naked breasts and/or erect schmeeners on most pages. Tons of funny stuff here.

Hector Zazou and Harold Budd "Glyph" (Crammed Discs c/o 2 HB 688 S. Santa Fe Ave. #210 LA CA 90021) Perhaps I spent too much youth listening to KISS to have any valid opinion on ambient music, but I would say this is the *prettiest* I've heard, and I mean that not as a compliment (necessarily) but more to the point where Disney might score "Ambient Pocohontas" with this.

Zen Guerrilla "6 Song CD EP" (Insect Records 1107 Porero Ave SF, CA 94110) Great BBQ Blues music, especially if you're having heroin instead of beer.

Zoinks/No Empathy split (Johanns Face)Despite the fact that No Empathy follows in the grand and easy tradition of Mono Men, Beat Happening, Bad Religion and The Goblins of being the label owners group, I still say they win this battle of the band.

GUEST REVIEWER: THE CONTINUING CELEBRITY ENDORSED GROCERY ITEM REVIEWS OF DR. IGUANA by KEN BURKE

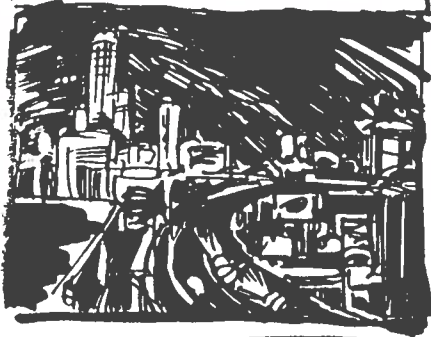
Tanya Tucker's Salsa-Mild (Nashville, TN 32027. Available at Target stores): Tanya was 15 the first time I saw her on stage. I was with my best pal Scott (who had a throbbing crush on her). Tucker wore a powder blue Western jacket with fringes, no blouse, and hot pants. (This was the 70's folks.) While older Country Music fans gloried in her hit songs and womanly vibrato voice, the hormone crazed teenage boys in attendance were pressing against the stage and sweating hot bullets. As she sang and wandered the stage, Tucker made a point to periodically look some boy in the eye and smile warmly. My pal Scott was the recipient of one of Tanya's flirty smiles, and it stoked his fantasies for the rest of the decade. I never had the heart to tell Scott that Tucker's smile was a mere stripper's con- an illusory seduction designed to convince male customers to keep coming back (with their money) so she can callously exploit their longing for romance and sex, (without ever actually coming across). So what's the connection? Well Tanya Tucker was Hot Stuff then and now she's put her name and picture on a can of Hot Stuff. And there's a bit of a con job here as well. Are we really supposed to believe that a millionaire Country singer has the time (or inclination) to slave away in the kitchen conjuring "secret" recipes as she infers on the label? Is her homey message supposed to diffuse her tough, ball-buster pose on the can's picture? Does she want us to really eat the salsa or does she just want us to buy it and admire her for being connected to a product that's as gastronomically volatile as her reputation? The salsa itself is pretty good. It's crispy, flavorful, and (like her career) is pretty spicy stuff when you consider how much of the source material had to be diluted for public consumption. Check it out.



-Joe Fullerton

little Jimmy Scott.

My girlfriend and I sped towards Hollywood. "Be here by 8:30," the woman had said, "for sure."



We were on our way to see Jimmy Scott. An obscure Jazz singer legend.



His voice is somewhere between a man and a woman's, intensely dramatic and surreal.



His unique voice and ~~young~~ slight, androgynous looks brings to mind mysterious cabarets full of intrigue and despair.



Although I'm modestly dressed (Jeans and K-Mart wing shoes) we are shown to one of the best tables available.



The head waiter is annoyed when we only order coffee. Two drink minimum, he'd be back.



Around 9:30. Jimmy appears, his tiny frame encased in an immaculate, slightly too large tuxedo.



He sings very slow songs about love and the loss of it. Eerie and vivid, shamelessly emotional.



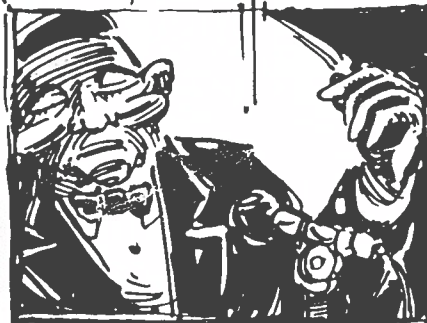
His body jerks and stiffens, as if the songs are bringing back painful memories.



The intimate-sized audience sits deeply affected. People are crying, it's hard not to.



He finishes with "When Did You Leave Heaven?" an old Bing Crosby tune. The crowd is barely breathing.



The waiter suddenly appears, "would you like something else to drink?"



Jerry Sims.

the end.

